





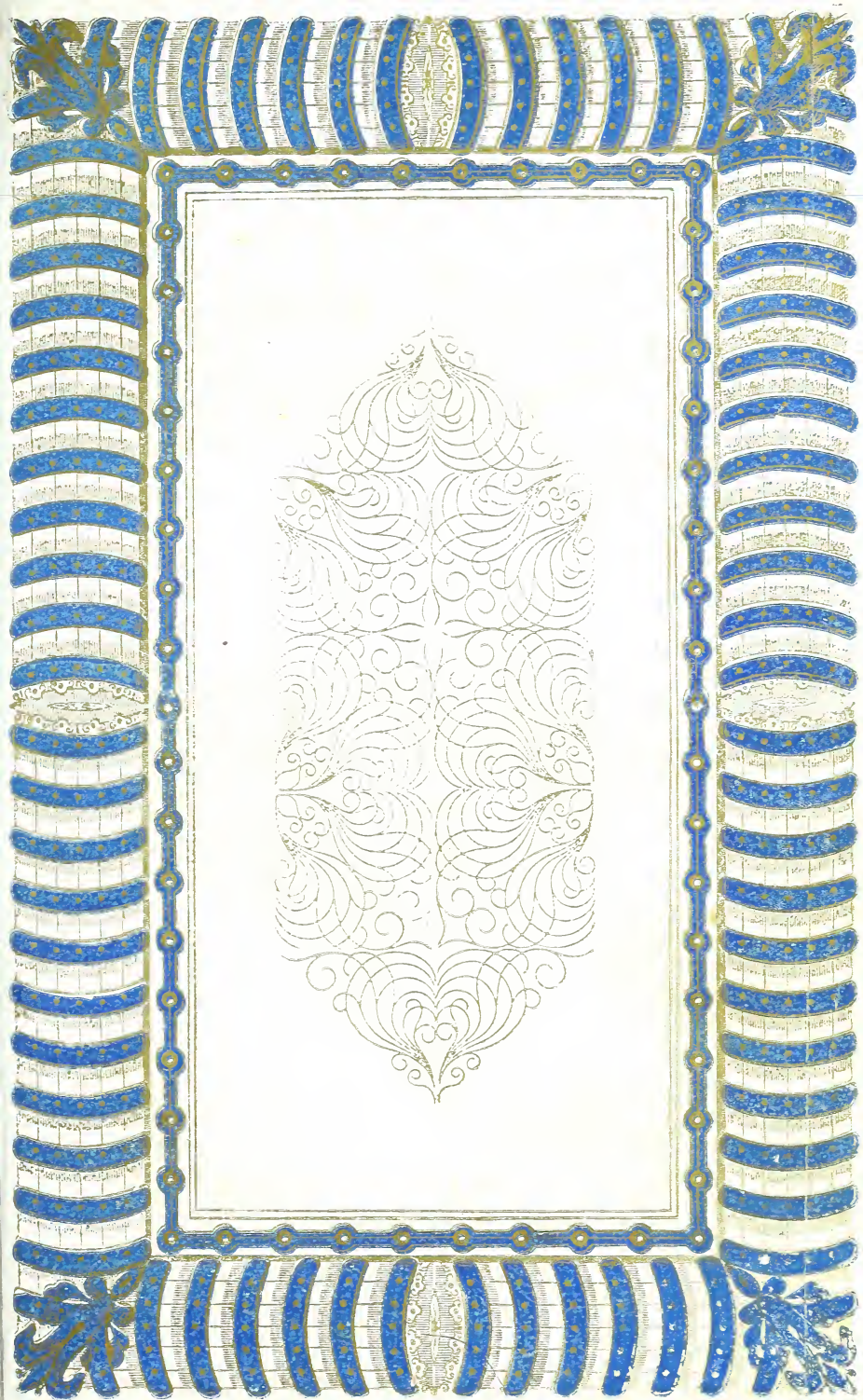
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THE  
 RAINBOW  
 FOR  
 1847



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THE  
RAINBOW.

1847.

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EDITED BY A. J. McDONALD

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To the  
Jas A. Jones  
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PREFACE.

THIS work is intended as a Gift for any season. The design for its composition was, to imagine each State of the Union to be a *garden* from which some flowers would be culled, and the whole formed into a *bouquet*.

After much labor, the *flowers* have been gathered from *nineteen* States, and as the contributors are so wide-spread — so different in their styles, and yet, like a bed of tulips, each possessing such peculiar beauty of color—their combined tints are called the RAINBOW.

Whether it will succeed, the Generous Nation must determine; and whether it will ever appear again, their patronage must likewise decide.

To those who have so cheerfully assisted in this production, the Editor tenders his most grateful thanks, and hopes that their anticipations in relation to it may be fully realized.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 1st, 1846.

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NOTE.—The States, in the foregoing Table, are Historically arranged

# THE RAINBOW.

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## THE RAINBOW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees  
Play'd in sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze ;  
The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay  
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.  
For the bright queen of spring, as she pass'd down the vale,  
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale ;  
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,  
And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.  
The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,  
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold ;  
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,  
'Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.  
We gazed on these scenes, while around us they glow'd,  
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud ;  
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid day we view,  
Nor the moon, that rolls lightly through star-light and blue ;  
Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm,  
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form ;  
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,



But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path  
In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,  
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;  
And river, field, village and woodland grew bright,  
As conscious they felt and afforded delight.  
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,  
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd ;  
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,  
His vow from the flood to the exit of time ;  
Not dreadful as when in a whirlwind he pleads,  
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds ;  
The black cloud of vengeance his banner unfurl'd,  
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world ;  
In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,  
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,  
And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain ;  
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.  
Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one !  
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun ;  
A pavilion it seem'd, with a deity graced,  
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.  
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,  
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb ;  
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,  
As love had just vanished, or hope had expired.  
I gazed not alone on that source of my song ;  
To all who beheld it these verses belong ;  
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !  
Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored.  
Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,  
That bow from my sight pass'd forever away ;  
Like that visit, that converse, that day, to my heart,  
That bow from remembrance can never depart.  
'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined,  
With the strong and imperishing colors of mind :  
A part of my being beyond my control,  
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY JUDGE BEVERLY TUCKER.

The following lines were addressed to a young lady, by one who, forty years before, had known and admired her grandmother, whom she very much resembled.

IT seems but yesterday ! Long years had passed  
 Since, from this scene of childhood's innocent joys,  
 Of youth's warm friendships, and of love's first dream,  
 I wandered forth an exile. When the frost  
 Of time's grey wing was sprinkled on my head,  
 And care had ploughed his furrows on my brow,  
 And death had swept away the forms which once  
 Gave life and interest to the scene, I came,  
 A stranger among strangers, to revisit  
 These verdant lawns, these deep-embowered shades,  
 These hallowed relics of my country's glory,\*  
 Which tell her children of her bold resolve,  
 When, strong in freedom's cause, she dared to peril  
 Life, and life's dearest joys in its defence.  
 All these remained : and o'er each spot that spoke  
 Of friends departed, with dejected head,  
 And earnest brow, and slow but eager step,  
 I wandered musing ; till at length I came  
 To one, where formerly a seraph form,  
 With eye of light, and voice that breathed of heaven,  
 Held her mild reign. How often on that eye,

---

\* Williamsburg, where Virginia declared herself independent, May 15, 1776.

How often to that voice, with feelings pure,  
Tender—but pure, and reverent, and holy—  
Sadly I've gazed and listened, envying death  
So fair a prey, already by his touch  
Decked for his couch: the rose upon her cheek  
And the unearthly brightness of her eye,  
Shining like garlands on the destined victim  
Led to the altar of some demon god.

Long years had passed, and long within the tomb,  
That beauteous form had mouldered: aye so long,  
That, as I looked around upon the scene,  
No eye, save mine perchance, called up the image  
Of her whose presence was its brightest charm  
In days long passed.

Just then I turned and saw  
An infant form, that looked as if the tomb  
Had yielded up its prey, no farther changed  
Than as the eye of faith beholds the faithful,  
Translated to the presence of their God,  
Changed to the semblance of a little child,  
And, in the bosom of the blest Redeemer,  
Nestling in childlike love. That form was thine.  
And, as advancing years have brought the child  
Almost to womanhood, the likeness still  
Appears more perfect. Not in form alone  
Mayest thou resemble her. May every charm  
Of mind and manner, every winning grace,  
That fitted her to shine, and shed the light  
Of bliss on all around her—may that grace,  
That fits her now to share the better bliss  
For saints above prepared—may all be thine.

## THE YOUNG BRIDE.

BY JUDGE BEVERLY TUCKER.

The following lines have no merit but as a psychological phenomenon. I was roused this morning from a dream, in which I had imagined that I was reading an old ballad, of which I retained only the last couplet. They are the two last of this little piece; what the rest were I have no means of knowing, for there is certainly no such ballad. I presume that all the rest was about equal to those which I retained. I had also a vague idea that the subject was the death of a young lady, who was buried in her bridal attire on the day set for her marriage. I determined to endeavor to carry out the idea, so as to close with the two lines thus strangely supplied by my dream. The result is as follows :

“ O WHY do you delve the frozen ground,  
And scatter the flinty clods around ?  
Would you lay a child of mortal birth  
In this hard, cold bed of icy earth ? ”  
“ We spread the couch for a fair young bride,  
Who goes to her rest in nuptial pride :  
But the lover, who dreamed her all his own,  
On his bridal bed must lie alone.  
The gems were bright in her jewelled hair,  
And the orange wreath, on her brow so fair :  
Death lifted his dart, and claimed his prey,  
And her bridal couch is this bed of clay.”

“O! have you not heard how a lady bright,  
Who had plighted her faith to her own true knight,  
To a wealthier suiter bartered her charms,  
And sold herself to a craven’s arms;  
But her lover came on her wedding day,  
Snatched his bride from the altar and bore her away;  
While the fair young bride in her cradle lay,  
Her Saviour claimed her his own for aye;  
And death, his messenger, did but come,  
From an earthly lover to bear her home.  
He has borne her away, with an upward flight,  
To the realms of day from this realm of night;  
He has borne her away, with untiring wing,  
From this wintry land, to the land of spring;  
He has borne her away to a home of bliss,  
And her brow is sealed with a holy kiss;  
And welcoming angels around her throng,  
And seraphs are hymning the nuptial song.  
Her bridal couch is no wintry tomb,  
But immortal flowers around it bloom;  
For ’tis the Lord of the coming spring  
That the fair young bride is marrying.

June 15, 1846.



## A LAKE PORT.

BY A. J. McDONALD.

Go where he will, the philosophic mind never lacks food. In the wide desert, on the lofty mountain's top, on the broad, blue ocean, he finds subjects continually presenting themselves for his investigation and thought. If he walks the sandy beach and views the great expanse of water, it makes him learn his own littleness; and if he examines the pebbles or shells at his feet, it makes the wisest feel how ignorant they are.

Such were my thoughts this evening on returning to the "American House," at Huron, just as the second bell had rung for supper. After partaking of the well furnished table in that temperate house, I was tempted to address my friends in a few lines about this little Lake Port.

Huron is situated at the mouth of a little river of that name running into Lake Erie, on the north-east part of the state of Ohio, about ten

miles from Sandusky city, and eight from Milan. It is a village of about a thousand inhabitants, with nothing particular in its looks save a few neat little cottages. It is surrounded by a level and apparently fertile country, connected with Milan by a navigable portion of the river and a canal; and it has a long wooden pier running into the lake, with a light-house at the end, which every evening at sundown sends its brilliancy for miles across the waters. Though the place is small, it surprises a stranger to see the number of schooners which are continually sailing to and from the port, and from that of Milan, to which they go by canal.

It is interesting on a beautiful day, when the atmosphere is clear and serene, to stroll along the shores of the lake and watch the vessels as they glide along, their white sails spread to the breeze, like monster birds winging their way along the surface of the waters, and at the same time, in the distant horizon, to mark the smoke of one of those big *steam houses*, as I am led to call them, (for they contain so much within themselves that they seem almost like moving towns.) By-and by its hull is visible, its puffing audible, and ere

you can pick up many pretty pebbles, or examine many more curious shells, the "Franklin," "Great Western," or some other large steamer has very nearly approached the pier. At first you wonder what business such vessels want at such a place as this, but if you go to the "American" you will soon ascertain; there the hall is continually filled with travellers' luggage, and each morning at breakfast you notice new faces; sometimes there is a pleasant-looking crowd, as if the world went well with them and they enjoyed good spirits; but some mornings a different group would be seen,—a sterner kind, with low brows and frowning visages; again, at another time perhaps you would find a mixture of all kinds, from the cheerful to the surly, the intellectual to the idiotic. What a great variety of character the proprietors of such places must see.

The boats often call here on their way up and down the lake, and there are many passengers and considerable freight coming and going. It is a place from whence we can readily get conveyance, and judging from the great country in its rear, we may not wonder at the amount of business done. A traveller is well attended to,

and no matter at what time a boat may arrive, he is duly informed of it, and if prepared to start, his property carefully taken on board. I may say though that the *vessels* are not *all* as accommodating, for sometimes in their hurry they barely touch the end of the pier, and put out their narrow plank in a manner dangerous to the persons running to and fro.

Little would the casual observer think, when viewing the lake and admiring its tranquil bosom, how soon a great change comes over it. The "blows," as they are termed, sometimes come very suddenly, and in a few hours the waters which now look so peaceful may become a raging sea. About three weeks ago such a change occurred. On Saturday night all seemed beautiful and serene, but ere daylight dawned on Sunday morning our drowsiness was dispelled by the awful roar and conflict of the wind and waves. A steamer entered in the night for shelter, another came rolling in after daylight, and in the course of the morning still another, until the "American" was completely crammed with strangers from all parts, seeking fire-side comfort and thanking fortune for their having escaped

the troubles of the "deep." For three days the "blow" continued, accompanied with rain, sleet and snow. Several schooners gained the little port, but many failed and ran upon the shore. During the snow storm, one vessel (the "Cambridge,") presented an awfully grand sight; she came rolling on towards the pier, expecting to make an entrance, but failed; and it was a moment of suspense, for like a doomed one, she came broadside upon the sands. Both above and below Huron, vessels went on shore, and afterwards incurred great expense to float them again.

A fit subject for observation is the continual washing away of the banks along this coast. They are generally low, of strong clay, and the high waves caused by the "blows" from the north and north-east, so undermine them that they fall piece by piece by their own weight. The house formerly Judge Wright's, I am informed, some years ago stood far from the lake—a piece of orchard, a grove of small trees, and the common road intervening; but now it is on its brink, and only saved from its devouring jaws by a strong wooden barrier.

Changing thought says "this is a great coun-



try," but it appears as if there was not a corner of it hidden from its people; they seem to be continually on the move, never stationary, but, like comets, frequently taking some out-of-the-way orbits. No doubt this restlessness stamps a peculiarity on the nation. They do not seem to count distances. "Which way do you go?" is the question,—“Up or down?” and no wonder would be manifested if you were even going to Jericho. Sometimes a crowd will meet, who on separating diverge to all points of the compass, and all distances from the place of meeting. There is a noticeable difference in the people from different parts. I may be prejudiced, but incline to think there is more warmth and sociality to be seen in the southerner than in those from other parts; there certainly are many differences, but I must not include tobacco-chewing, for that is universal. This favorite weed, which the hogs abhor, infests the mouths of most men. If they love it I do not object, but it does not look nice on the clean-carpeted floor, or the bright fire-side.

This is November; and gloomy winter begins to shew his brow in the north; his minions are making ready their implements for a few months'

campaign on us poor mortals, or I might now recommend my friends, for a little relaxation, to pay a visit to these parts, and spend a few days in peaceful solitude on the banks of Lake Erie; but it is too late, the season grows old; still, there are happy days in store for the good and clear in conscience. Summer will again "ope its bowers," the water once more, like a mirror, will reflect the glories of heaven; then may they retire here to commune with the spirit of the universe and examine the works of the All-Powerful.

## ADDITIONAL STANZAS

## TO COLLINS' ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

BY BENJAMIN GLEASON.

DEVOTION, final tries her gifted power ;  
 Her choice, the solemn *vesper* evening hour ;  
     While round her knelt, and all devout,  
     With hymns of praise and anthem shout,  
     The vast cathedral courts throughout  
 Her lovely train ;—as the Massaniello choir  
     From Handel, Haydn, Mozart, drew,—  
     Her minstrels' voices mingled too,  
 In chants divine ; then swell'd the glowing strain,  
 'Midst altars, arches, aisles,—and thence again,—  
     As from the bright, celestial sphere,  
     'Rapt *seraphim* inclined to hear ;  
 In harmony of worship, heart and mind,  
 Responsive choral symphonies combined :  
     Thus, prostrate all, in ranks around,  
     'Midst these solemnities profound,  
     In sweetest melody of sound,  
 With contrite, humble reverence, ADORE !

## PENITENCE.

BY WENTWORTH GOULD.

O! FATHER! I have sinned 'gainst Heaven and in thy holy  
sight,

I have trod the beaten path of error, and the light  
Of reason and of conscience, God's image in the soul,  
Has been dimm'd by darker passions, beneath whose fierce  
control

I have bowed the willing knee at the unhallowed shrine  
Of Mammon, though the fervent prayer did seldom rise at  
thine.

And I saw the tree of pleasure grow fair upon life's waste,  
I plucked—the fruit was bitterness and ashes to the taste;  
And I meanly loved the creature, and for worldly good I toiled,  
Till the altar of my heart, of thine image was despoiled.

Yet the still, small voice of duty was occasionally heard  
'Mid the pause of the storm which low desires stirred,  
And religion's lamp, though burning with a feeble, flickering  
ray,

Led a returning prodigal upon the heavenly way—  
I come to thee in penitence, in sorrow, and in pain—  
Father, take back thy wandering child unto thine arms again.

## THE DEAD.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

“ Still the same—no charm forgot —  
Nothing lost that time had given !”

FORGET not the dead, who have loved, who have left us,  
Who bend o’er us now from their bright homes above,  
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,  
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.  
Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,  
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears ;  
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,  
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth, can we cease to remember  
The last look of life and the low-whispered prayer ?—  
Oh, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,  
When love’s tablets record no remembrances there,  
Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,  
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed,—  
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us,  
Forget not the dead ! oh, forget not the dead !



## AN INCIDENT.

BY GEORGE HATCH.

As a couple of interesting young men, so denominated because they had nothing better in life to do than devise means for getting fashionably through it, were passing leisurely along Broadway not long ago, an incident arrested their attention. They had passed the "Racket" and other club houses without a visit, for a wonder, and were nearly opposite Niblo's, when an antique family carriage swept round before them and was halted in front of the door so plainly marked *Mr. Astor*. A precise-looking hackney dismounted from the vehicle, and springing up a dusty flight of steps, rang out a bevy of expectant servants, headed by an unusually sleek-appearing son of Erin; then opened wide the carriage doors, and, leaning upon the shoulder of his physician, stood in full view the modern *Cræsus*. Alas! said the expression of his countenance, as plainly as face ever said, Alas! that riches cannot purchase health, nor

Danaëan showers of gold avert the doom of death.

The envy of the simple ones, the worship of Wall-street, was enveloped in a rusty brown sur-tout, and a close-fitting cotton-velvet skull-cap protected his unremarkable head. The visages of those departed sages, Nicholas Biddle and the great Girard, of Philadelphia, were a little striking; but he whose financiering far eclipses all the rest, has nothing about him notable, except extreme plainness. As the chiefest of the thousand merchant-princes of this modern Tyre descended from his forced exercise, the impress of the heavy hand of age, with its insidious ailments, was markedly visible. In vain the portly invalid strove to repress a tremor, or to regain his once upright position and free step; baffled, he bent to the assistance of his helpers. Then, however, it was, that the fire of former days relit his dimming eyes, and glanced a grim defiance at the imaginary "King of terrors" pressing so hard upon him. Visions of spiritual disenthralment, and of the boundless might of a soul unclogged with earth,—aims higher than the amassment of mere coin,—for a moment shot

athwart his mind,—and then the swaying crowd passed on.

Man may conquer all but death; yet the very certainty of being worsted at length by the destroyer, seems only to incite the creature to redoubled eagerness for the acquirement of that which cannot eventually be of service. Here we have a glimpse of one whose very god was gold, whose dreams by night and struggles through the day were all one gleaming, glittering paradise of argent and of or. For once, perchance, the mortal was endowed with strength sufficient to accomplish all his giant aims and wondrous wishes; yet what boots it now? Life waneth, and the full flush and soothing influences of gratified desire cannot revivify our failing frame. We seem not to heed, that the demon of unrest gnaws ever at the heart of him who is overweeningly ambitious; peace knoweth he not, nor ease; for like the fallen son of the morning when he is in pristine brightness, he would be All in All—and so from earth he perisheth.

New-York, 1846.

## DUTY, RESPONSIBILITY, DESTINY.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

THERE is something in the sensible objects around us, in the ambition that allures us, in the necessities that press upon us, in the ties of human affection that bind us, in the wants, desires and sympathies of our common nature, which so beclouds our vision and hems in our thoughts, that we rarely look beyond the mole-hill on which we move, or extend our serious reflections beyond the walls of our prison-house.

We do not long mingle in the busy scenes of life, before we come to feel as though human society was but a vast machine, of which we form a part, and by the movements of which all our own must necessarily be regulated. We yield by turns to adverse influences, and become perplexed with their inconsistencies; indulge in dreams of ambition, or wealth, or pleasure, which disappoint us; and after being blown about by the breath of popular opinion for a while, inflated

with a thousand hopes, depressed by a thousand fears, we learn, often too late, that we have been, like children, playing with the toys of the nursery, while the world for which they really were living lay all unexplored before them.

In one sense man is an isolated being. He comes into the world alone. He suffers and enjoys alone. He shapes his course of life alone. He abides his time, and meets his destiny alone. Prince or peasant—born to poverty or wealth—he meets the responsibilities and results of his obligations and his duties—alone. True, there is that in his condition which closely allies him to the world. As he passes on through childhood and youth and manhood and old age, he mingles with crowds of beings like himself, and forms a variety of associations, friendships, and connections,—becomes a part and parcel of the times; his voice mingles with other voices; his influence for good or evil is felt; he imparts and receives pleasure and pain; he loves and is beloved; hates, and is hated. He leaves his impress as he passes on—but, after all, the mind, which is the man, like a solitary traveller, comes and goes alone. No other man reaps the permanent reward of his

virtues, or shares in the final retribution of his crimes. He lives an isolated being; and when he dies fills an isolated grave. We see each other's faces, and hear each other's voices, but the springs of thought—the living, immortal man is out of sight; his very being a mystery even to himself.

From thoughts like these we gather views of responsibility and duty which extend far away beyond the limits of human society—and of a destiny whose lines run far above the transient shadows of the world we inhabit. How strange we should ever forget that mind is man's great endowment—that however poor in all things else he has in this a princely treasure. The power of thought is an eternal spring of pleasure or of pain.

True, responsibility begins where being begins—and is commensurate with the power of the mind for good or evil. Centuries ago, on neighboring mountains were two little springs; the one hemmed itself in by tangled weeds that bore the poison berry, bedded itself in earth, and gathered the slimy moss about its brim, and stagnated in the shade for years, and dried and disappeared.



The other won its way drop by drop through its bank, trickled to the brow of its cloudy home, wore a little fissure down the mountain side, and year after year, and age after age, worked its lonely passage to the lowland valley. Its channels deepened as it ran, gathered the dews and rains of heaven, swelled into a brook, a gushing stream, a river torrent, and, in the lapse of time, irrigating a valley of three thousand miles, poured into the ocean a mighty tide, and mingled with the waves of every sea on earth. And so the mind, yielding to enervating indolence, or cankering vice, breathes out from its obscure abode a little poison in the moral atmosphere, and disappears forever; or, obedient to the higher impulses of its nature, struggles on through difficulties with patient toil, into the light, and choosing the paths of virtue, rises and rises in force and energy, gathering new strength with years, until its thoughts go forth to stir the pulses of the world, and stamp on centuries the impress of its form and the glory of its power.

But this is not the great theatre of human action or human duty. Let us pause in this solitary chamber—so still—so deserted by the gay

and thoughtless ; there lies a dying child ;—see how the fever flushes and the dew of death chase each other from its cheek ;—hear its sharp shriek of unknown, hopeless agony ;—witness its little hands thrown out for help to a world fast fading, but a world, with all its power and wealth of mind and matter, unable to assuage its slightest pang, or stay for one short, breathing respite, the hand of the secret destroyer ; how helpless, frail and fading a thing it is, writhing in its bitter struggles !

There it is, now, in its shroud and coffin ; the faded rose—emblem of itself—steeped in maternal tears, upon its bosom ; the features, smoothed from recent passion, composed to its last, long sleep ! And there it is again, disinterred after the rest of years, a handful of common dust !

But the course of time rolls on—and centuries have passed, and empires have passed, and worlds have passed. Fast by the throne of the Eternal a mighty angel stands, rich in the treasures of uncounted years, rich in the wealth of heaven's unfathomable mines of learning, beautiful in its kingly robes, and glowing in its long, long spirit-

life of joy—the dying infant of the earth is still in the infancy of its career in heaven.

And is this all a dream? See, God is love! How sweetly has he decked even our distant, momentary home. The beauty-breathing landscape lies before us, and around us; the grassy plain in all its vernal verdure, dotted with flowers, and fruitful vines, and trees; the waving forests, with their cooling shade; the limpid spring of sparkling crystal; the leaping brook, sporting like infancy along its winding path; the river in its slow, majestic flow; the vale, the plain, the mountain, in their wild and wide diversity; the hum of bees; the voice of singing birds; the cattle on a thousand hills, and man, the Lord of all. And then look up, by day, to yonder sun, shedding upon the whole that flood of light, which, in its mystic blending, gives life, and beauty, and coloring to all beneath—by night, to the blue, starry drapery which curtains our repose, and think with what royal munificence the King of kings has furnished his children's birth-place!

Thus while the nature of the mind—its giant capacities—its burning aspirations, teach us its

immortality, the universal goodness of the Creator, as dimly reflected here, teaches us the fact that there is a glorious hereafter; and from these combined realities we learn the infinite import to man of the ideas involved in duty, responsibility, and destiny!





W. H. W. S.

Thames, 18

## THE SMILE OF LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

THE smile ! ah, the smile on that beautiful lip,  
Where the bee its sweet treasure might merrily sip,  
Which wears the rich hue of the ruby that glows  
In the innermost depths of the heart of the rose ;  
And the light that steals out from those soft, sunny eyes,  
As pure as the stars in the twilight's dim skies,  
Yet warm with the heart's treasured feelings, reveal  
The secret, sweet maiden, thou fain would'st conceal

That smile has a magical power to impart  
The feelings which revel, fair girl, in thy heart ;  
It tells of the beautiful visions which rise,  
To gild the broad pathway, young dreamer, which lies  
In the far away future, whose secrets untold  
Time's progress, to thee, and to us, shall unfold.  
Sweet feelings thou never in words hast expressed,  
Which the bright smile alone on thy lips has confessed

A dreamer in fairy land, maiden, thou art,  
A vision of paradise opes to thy heart ;  
Smile on in thy innocence—who would dispel  
The visions of beauty in which thou dost dwell ?  
Long, long may it be ere affliction and care  
Shall dim the bright smile which those young lips now wear,  
May hope long be throned on that beautiful brow,  
As calm, as serene, and as lovely as now !

New-Haven, Conn.



## SONNET.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I do not ask for kindness which flows —  
The constant impulse of thy generous heart,  
Nor casual tenderness that only glows  
Like sunset clouds that flush as they depart;  
Nor cheerful words that so benignly fall,  
Nor social glee expansive as the day,—  
These, though rich gifts, are yet dispensed to all;  
But I so love thee that I fain would drink  
Alone, in secret, at affection's spring —  
I cannot hover on the flowery brink,  
But pine beneath the wave my soul to fling;  
Thy heart's fair vestibule to others give —  
But O let me within the temple live!

## JESUS BLESSING THE LITTLE CHILDREN

BY M. A. B.

YOUR'S is an envied lot indeed, sweet babes !  
On you the Son of God looks but to bless !  
Never was cradled innocence *thus* blessed before.  
To hear him speak your names *in* gentle tones,  
Inviting you to come, when man forbade,  
To gaze upon his face, radiant with love for you ;  
To feel the pressure of his sacred hand  
Tenderly resting on your infant heads ;  
How must your little bosoms throb with joy,  
Clasped in his arms and folded to his heart !  
Oh ! ye are blessed indeed !

*They* knew not, precious ones, how strong the love  
Which beat within that god-like heart for you,  
They who would send you hence without his blessing.  
Hark ! 'tis the low-breathed music of *his* voice —  
“Keep them — O Holy Father ! undefiled ;  
For *their* companionship, the *angel-babes*,  
Who ever more behold thy face in heaven,  
And guide them to thyself, for they are thine.”

Holy Redeemer ! *we* would also come,  
Like little children, to be bless'd of Thee ;  
For we are ignorant and frail as they.  
Oh, take each trembling hand within Thine own,  
And lead our footsteps to Thy home of love.

## THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

It is the night — the solemn, serious night !  
The stars are all above me, soft and clear,  
As when on high o'er Eden they were hung  
In young creation's bridal hours of joy.  
Yet here, here in my lonely cell I see  
Not one of all their host ; no little ray  
Peeps in between my curtains as they lie  
Moveless as paintings on the window'd wall.  
Bright burns the lamp with calm and steady flame,  
And, smooth as ice beneath my gliding pen,  
The paper seems, inviting thought to roam  
In graceful movement o'er its easy plain.

It is the night — the very noon of night !  
Silence sits empress on her ebon throne,  
And the huge earth upon her axle rolls,  
Soft as a pillow of revolving snow.  
The mighty shadows, that are cast abroad,  
Make an unbroken darkness, save where lakes  
Mirror the tender starlight, or small rills  
Catch on their silver skirts a transient beam.  
Thus is it all abroad ; while all within  
Is fair and cheerful as a summer dawn.  
Yet here, even here extend night's sombre plumes ;  
They sweep along my spirit like the gales  
Over Lake George's most secluded wave.  
And I remember me of vanished hours ;  
Forms of the loved and lost come to my side

And bend upon my face a tearful gaze —  
Sad are their eyes, but no reproving frown  
Obscures their radiant foreheads, since to them,  
In the bright mansions of their father's house,  
Ascendeth not the voice of evil men.  
They knew me and they loved me and they died.  
Leaving behind them none so kind as they.  
And therefore in the solemn, serious night,  
When music slumbers in the cave of death,  
Come they to solace my most lonely state.  
Oh, if in this dim world some living heart  
Could beat responsive and with sweet accord  
To all the pure emotions of my own —  
Then would the common things of every day  
Be holy as the night, and, like the mourned  
Companions of my young and better days,  
Bring consolation and a calm delight,  
Such as these hours of undisturbed repose  
Yield to my soul, which longs for love and home.

Baltimore, March, 1846.

## THE WRECKER.

BY MISS E. A. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," "SPIRIT LOVE," &amp;c.

"I have always felt a yearning desire to learn the early history of such—to know the influences by which they were surrounded in childhood. Ah! how often would the voice of condemnation be hushed, and the heart melt with pity for the outcast!"

"She died! I dare not tell thee how —  
But look — 'tis written on my brow!  
There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
In characters unworn by time:  
Still ere thou dost condemn me, pause" —

THE GIAOUR

IN the gloomy cell of the condemned, were two persons. A muscular and powerfully made man, heavily ironed, sat on a low seat, in the centre of the floor. At a glance, an observer would have pronounced him a native of Ireland, and one superior to the mass of emigrants who annually seek the shores of this country. His head was well formed, and covered with a mass of curling hair, of a light brown color—the chis-

elling of the lips, indicated courage and decision, and in the clear, blue eyes, there was a thrilling expression of suffering and humiliation, which is never seen among the hardened in crime. It seemed as if the overburdened heart looked forth from these mirrors of the soul, and in his extremity, asked sympathy and consolation from the strangers amid whom his forlorn lot was cast.

His companion was a Catholic priest, whose attenuated features and transparent complexion indicated the severity with which the requirements of his faith were practised. The beauty of his head and face, with the sunlight falling around him, from the solitary window, was of a spiritual and highly intellectual order; and the tones of his voice, as he spoke in soothing accents to the condemned, were soft and clear as those of a woman.

The prisoner spoke, and his voice sounded dull and hollow. Hope was extinguished in his soul, and all the lighter inflexions, which express the various emotions stirring within us, had ceased to vary the monotonous sounds which issued from his lips. A few more hours—and time, for him, would have ceased to revolve. What then had he

to do with human joys, with human aspirations? Nothing. His fate on earth was told—an outlaw's life—a felon's death. *Can* we credit the great truth, that a divine architect modelled the form from which we are about to thrust forth the subtle tenant by violence, and yet proceed in the unholy purpose? Yea, those who would be shocked at the imputation of religious infidelity, do this without scruple, though the Christian commandment is, "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

One would suppose that the execution of Christ by human hands would have struck so great a horror throughout the whole believing world, that such a form of punishment would henceforth have been forever abolished. In spite of the doctrine of "peace and good will" to all men, we still cling to the bloody Mosaic law, as if society could not protect itself without the altar sacrifice of a guilt-stained and despairing creature, whose horror of his approaching doom paralyzes the soul, and renders the sense dull to the promises of mercy in a *future* world, which is denied him in this.

The prisoner folded his manacled hands over his breast, and asked—



“Why should I seek to prolong my unhappy existence, by asking such a commutation of my sentence? Death is terrible, but it is only *one* pang, whereas solitary confinement, to which I should probably be doomed, would be a living torture. *To live forever alone!* Think what that must be to a man innocent of crime, and feel how far worse than the bed of Procrustes it must be to one like me. No—no, Father—let me die before the time appointed by nature;—thus let the tender mercies of my race toward me be consummated.”

“You are reckless, my son,” said the priest, mildly,—“Think how far more terrible it will be to face an offended Father in your present mood, than to live for repentance.”

“If by repentance you mean that I shall ever be sorry for killing Reardon, it will never come;” said the prisoner, in the same passionless manner, “Under the same circumstances, I should do the same thing again.”

The priest looked at him rebukingly; and as if the slumbering passions of his impetuous soul were aroused by that look, the man started from his seat; his sallow features glowed, his eyes

sparkled with fury, as he exclaimed—"Yes, I would trample the life out of the wretch who had murdered my love by deception and ill treatment, with as little—aye, with less compunction, than if he had planted his dagger in her heart."

He pressed his hands over his face, and large tears trickled over them. Passionless as he was, the priest was touched by this overwhelming emotion in one who had hitherto been so passive. He arose and laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"Tell me, my friend, how it was," he said, kindly; and melting beneath the voice of friendly sympathy, the murderer wept like a child. When he became calmer, he said—"I will give you the history of my life, and you may judge me.

"I was born on the coast of Ireland, and the occupation of my father, and of his father before him, was that of a *wrecker*. You have heard of those lawless and hardened men, who exist on the spoils of unfortunate mariners; not unfrequently destroyed by false lights placed as beacons of safety. Fit parentage, you will say, for the murderer! My mother died while I was yet in my infancy; and the schoolmaster of the parish was

the only one who ever spoke to me of higher and nobler pursuits than those followed by my father's household. The Dominie was a poor creature, whose necessities compelled him to abide in our neighborhood, though his moral sense was greatly shocked at the crimes which were perpetrated around him. He fancied that in me he discovered some aspirations superior to those of the other urchins who were taught to read in his turf-built hovel; and many hours did he pass in endeavoring to impress on my young mind the great evil of spending a life in such a pursuit as that to which I seemed destined.

“I cannot say that at that time his lectures had much effect; for I was young, buoyant, full of activity, and ardently attached to the adventurous life I led. My moral perceptions were not active, and there was a keen delight in dashing through the surf, when the billows threatened each moment to engulf our boat, in pursuit of the wealth which the greedy waves seemed eager to claim as their prey. In this absorbing pursuit, the shrieks of drowning wretches were too often unheeded, while we appropriated their property; but I can truly say that I was never deaf to the

voice of entreaty, and frequently drew on myself the anger of my father, for saving those whose claims on his spoils, seriously interfered with the profits of the expedition. He never refused, however, to relinquish property thus claimed, for he was exceedingly careful that no complaint should reach those who might have made him feel the strong arm of authority even in the retired place in which he had fixed his residence.

“At a very early age I shook off the authority of the Dominie, and devoted myself heart and soul to my wild occupation. The strong energies of my being had no other outlet, and for days I would remain on the ocean with the storm careering around my boat, alone on the waters, and at such times my restless soul would look into the future, and ask of fate if such was ever to be my lot? My thoughts often soared beyond the limited horizon of my home, and I had even made excursions among the cities of my native land; but I was always glad to return to my wild retreat. Uncouth in manner and appearance,—I felt my inferiority to the only class among whom I would have deigned to dwell; and after such

humiliation, I enjoyed a fiercer pleasure in my solitary excursions on the deep.

“I cannot say that my life was passed without excess—in such a home as mine, that would have been impossible. The frequent brawl, the was-sail bowl, and drunken revelry, were of almost nightly occurrence; and I was fast sinking into the mere robber and inebriate,—when an event occurred, which for a time rescued me from the abyss,—on the brink of which I was hovering.”

He paused,—as if nerving himself for what was to follow; and the priest gazed with strong interest on the features over which swept many wild emotions,—occasionally softened by a gleam of more tender feeling. He at length proceeded in a tone of forced calmness,—

“One night, in the stormy month of November, a ship was seen drifting at the mercy of the winds and waves. The sky was a mass of leaden clouds, and the sun, as it showed itself for an instant in a narrow space of clear ether just above the Western horizon, threw a lurid glare over the waters—such as one might fancy to arise from the darkest abyss of Hades. My father ordered the false light to be shown, which had already

brought quick destruction on so many gallant barks. I knew not why—but my heart was interested in the fate of this vessel, and I opposed his commands.

“‘Are you mad?’ said he, sternly; ‘do you not see that this is a ship of the largest class, and that the spoils must be great?’

“‘But her decks are crowded with human beings!’ I replied, as I lowered the glass through which I had been surveying her, ‘and there are many women among them: put not up the false light, I conjure you!—if she founders, the spoils are legitimately yours—but——’

“Even as I spoke, the beacon streamed up in the rapidly darkening air:—a private signal to one of his men had been obeyed, and it was useless to offer further remonstrance. I rushed to my own boat, calling on a boy who sometimes accompanied me, to follow. One glance at the ship—assured me that in a few more minutes she would be on the sunken rock over which the light gleamed; and no human power could prevent her from going to pieces immediately.

“My boat had weathered many a storm as severe as this threatened to be, and I was fearless as

to the result. I resolved to perish myself, or save some of the helpless creatures I had seen upon the deck of the doomed ship. A whistle brought a large Newfoundland dog to my side, and in a brief space of time, I was launched on the restless waves of the ocean, myself, with a lad of fourteen, and the dog, the only occupants of my boat. My father nodded approvingly to me, thinking that I had made up my mind to assist as usual, in rescuing the spoils, and said,—

“ ‘Right, my son—All you save to-night shall belong to yourself alone.’ ”

“ I was borne beyond the reach of his voice, and as I turned my face toward the ship, there was a violent burst of thunder overhead, the whole air seemed to be filled with the lurid glare of lightning, and mingled with the awful strife of the elements came a sound more terrible still—that of hundreds of human beings uttering that last wild shriek, which vainly appeals to Heaven for succor in their dire extremity. Alas! how was it responded to by those who could have saved them, had they so willed? The struggling wretches vainly raised their arms from the foam-



ing waves, imploring assistance—the boats passed them without an effort to save.

“Having only myself and the boy to propel my boat, it did not reach the scene of action so soon as the rest. As I came within hailing distance, my father shouted to me, to save a box which was within reach of my boat-hooks, but I was deaf to his voice. Also, within a short distance of me, were two of the unfortunates who had been shipwrecked,—a man, with a slight female form clasped to his breast, was faintly struggling with the waves. I saw that his strength was exhausted, and before I could reach him, they must sink : then came my noble dog to my assistance. I pointed to the sinking forms,—Hector sprang into the water, and swam to their side. Seizing the dress of the lady he made an effort to sustain the two against the force of the raging billows. He felt their united weight too much for his strength, and turned a piteous glance on me, which had in it much of human sorrow and emotion.

“‘Courage ! old fellow !’ I shouted, and made a desperate plunge with my boat to reach them ; the impetus of a rising wave sent me past them—

the father, for such I felt him to be, with sublime self-sacrifice, relaxed his hold, and turning his death-pale face to me, uttered words, which were lost amid the howling of the blast, but I knew them to be, 'save my child,' and sank forever from my sight.

"Relieved of the double weight, Hector now gallantly struck out for my boat, and in a short time I had drawn the senseless girl from the waves. I wrapped her in my sailor's jacket, and used every means of restoring her, in my power. A few drops of spirits, from a small flask I carried in my pocket, brought a faint shade of color to her cheeks and lips, and presently she unclosed her eyes, and gazed wildly around—with a slight shudder she again relapsed into insensibility.

" 'She must have instant attention, or she will perish,' I exclaimed, and I bent madly to the oar. Barney steered, and I never for an instant raised my eyes from the sweet pale face before me, until the boat grated on the strand. Never have I beheld so purely beautiful a countenance. It seemed to me to be the mortal vesture chosen by one of the angels of Heaven, to express to earthly souls all the attributes of the children of

light. She was fair as the lily which has just unfolded its pure leaves to the kisses of the sun ; with hair of a pale brown hue, clinging in damp curls around her graceful form. The dark fringes of her blue eyes rested on her colorless cheek, and her slightly parted lips were so beautifully cut, that a sculptor might have been proud to copy them for his beau ideal of sweetness and beauty. I gazed, and worshiped this creature, rescued by myself from the jaws of destruction.

“Hitherto, I had thought little of love. The specimens of the female sex in our rough settlement, were, as may be supposed, not of a very attractive description—coarse, uneducated, toil-worn women, and girls who promised in a few years to emulate their mothers in homeliness,—possessed no charms for me. In my occasional visits to more refined society, I had seen many of the beautiful and gently nurtured, but they were placed so far above me, that it would have seemed as rational to ‘fancy some bright particular star, and think to win it ;’—but this lovely girl had been rescued by *me*—her life had been my gift, and she seemed to belong, of right, to me. All had perished from the wreck save herself ;

she was probably alone in the world, and I hugged to my soul the hope, that in me, her preserver, she would find father, brother, lover,—all united. My thoughts were interrupted by my father, who had just landed, with a boat-load of bales and boxes.

“‘How is this, youngster?’ he thundered,—‘Have you dared again to save life, and neglect the object for which we live? Fool! you will yet be driven forth as a drone from the hive. The girl’s dead,—throw her into the sea, she will be a dainty morsel for the sharks.’

“These words seemed to arouse her,—she raised her head, and cast a wild glance around.—‘My father!—Oh my God, let me die,’ and she clasped her hands over her eyes as if to shut out the vision of the swarthy, reckless looking men who pressed forward to gaze upon her.

“‘Hear her prayer,’ said the old man brutally, ‘In with her; we want no witnesses of to-night’s work against us.’

He stepped forward, as if to fulfil his threat. She shivered, and shrank beneath the covering I had placed over her. I arose and stepping between them, said,—

“‘You shall first throw me in, for by the Heaven above us, we both go together. I have your promise for all I succeeded in saving, and I claim this waif as my own.’

“‘Be it so,’ said he sneeringly—‘I always knew that you were an idiot: a profitable adventure this is likely to prove to you indeed!’

“‘I am satisfied with it at all events,’ I answered, and he turned away.

“I then approached the young girl, and said in as soft a tone as I could command—

“‘Fear nothing, beautiful angel, I am rough in appearance, but my heart is in the right place, and I will protect you.’

“‘Am I then *alone*?’ she asked with an accent of indescribable anguish. ‘Oh! why did you not let me perish with the rest,—wretched—wretched Alice, to survive all that loved her!’

“‘Not all, lady, for *I* am here,’ said I *naïvely*.

“‘You?—what have I to do with you? I know you not,—all—all have perished. Forgive me,’ she continued, catching the expression of my countenance.—‘I am ungrateful—I knew not what I said—the wretched are excusable.’

“‘Ah!’ said I with fervor, ‘I am too happy in

being made the instrument of serving such a being as you are, to take offence at words wrung from the overburdened heart. Come with me fair Alice, and I will place you in safety.'

"I conducted her to the cottage of an old woman, who had been my nurse. Though rough and frightful, Elspeth was kindly in her nature, and I knew she would do any thing to oblige me."

The narrator paused,—arose from his seat and rapidly paced the floor, his hands nervously working, and the cold drops standing like rain upon his brow. He again threw himself upon his seat, and remained silent so long, that the priest ventured to speak to him.

"Time passes my son. The sun is fast sinking to his rest, and beyond that hour I cannot remain.'

"Pardon me,' said the prisoner in a subdued tone; 'but the recollections that crowd on my mind, unman me. Think what it is to *me*, the condemned, the outcast, to speak of happiness. It is like rending apart soul and body, to dwell on bright scenes, amid the profound, yet palpable darkness of guilt and woe, that is ever present

with me. ‘The heart knoweth its own bitterness.’ How overwhelmingly significant is that phrase to the guilt-stricken. My God!—my God! pardon and forgive, for Thou knowest the provocation!’ ”

The priest breathed a few soothing words of consolation, and again the bitter waves of anguish rolled back from his soul, and left him calm. He sat a moment silent, as if recalling the scenes he was about to depict. His brow cleared, his eye lighted up with love and joy ; for a few brief moments the magic of the happy past, seemed to hold complete sway over his soul. He continued,—

“Heretofore my character had been undeveloped. The master passion was required to show me my true nature. As the warmth of the sun is needful to give life and beauty to the productions of the earth, so the soul of man remains in its germ, until love has aroused and expanded his being, into the more perfect state of existence. All the better feelings of my heart were brought into action, for I loved a being superior to myself: one whom I felt, would perish in the rude atmosphere which surrounded me. Until I knew

this pure girl, I had never felt all the degradation, the debasing effects of my course of life; but now I blushed before her, and resolved to rescue myself from my associates, and become worthy of her!

“Alice was several weeks recovering from the shock she had sustained, and the subsequent exposure. I learned from her, that the ship was from Liverpool, bound to New York,—and five hundred souls were on board at the time she struck.

“‘And so many must perish to bring thee to my side,’ was the thought that crossed my mind, for I felt the conviction in my soul, that she was the guardian angel, sent to save me from utter destruction.

“For many days after the storm, bodies were washed on shore, which were thrown into one common grave. Among them, I recognized the father of Alice, and gave him decent sepulture with my own hands. I selected a small headland which sloped gradually toward the sea;—the green sward was shaded by a large thorn tree, beneath whose shelter I placed the grave of the unfortunate stranger. When Alice had suf-



ficiently recovered to walk to the spot, I led her thither, and pointed out the mound which marked his last resting place. She thanked me with many tears, and from that hour, I date the commencement of my interest in her heart. On that spot I learned her history.

“Her father was an officer, on half-pay, in the British army. He had no influential connexions, and never rose beyond the rank of Lieutenant. A wound received in the battle of Waterloo, affected his health so seriously, that he was compelled to retire from active service. His pension supported himself and his daughter in comfort, but as his health visibly declined, he anxiously contemplated the uncertain future of his beloved child. After mature reflection, he resolved to visit America, in search of a brother, who had emigrated to that country many years before, and had there accumulated a fortune. Alice possessed no other relative : in the wide world, she was alone, without the means of reaching her uncle, even if she could have remembered the place of his residence. Many of her father’s effects had been saved from the wreck, but among them were

no letters or papers which afforded a clue to the abode of Mr. Crawford.

“During the long illness of Alice, my father had perished in one of his excursions. I could not be expected to grieve very deeply over his loss, for I had experienced little kindness from him. By his death, the command of the band devolved on me. Occupied by my new thoughts and feelings, I delegated my authority to my foster brother, a resolute and daring youth, and busied myself in preparing an abode for my young friend, at a distance from the scene of their exploits.

“About half a mile from the village, stood a lonely and deserted cottage, sheltered by a clump of forest trees. Rank grass had overgrown the walks, in the garden; and the few shrubs which some unknown hand had once planted around the house, had spread in wild luxuriance over the miniature lawn. With my own hands I put everything in order; the ruined portico was securely propped, and the graceful vine made to trail its foliage over the rustic pillars which supported it.

“Among the accumulated stores of my father,

which were concealed in vaults constructed for the purpose, I sought the richest carpets for the floors, and the most beautifully wrought fabrics, with which the discolored walls were hung. I made a visit to a distant town, and secretly procured every article of luxury, which could be needed in the household of the most delicately nurtured of fashion's daughters.

“When ‘Vine Cottage,’ as I named the place, was ready for the reception of its mistress, I secretly induced old Elspeth to remove thither, and after spending an hour in sweet communion at her father's grave, I persuaded Alice to walk with me in the direction of the cottage. As we drew near, she expressed her admiration of its simply elegant appearance, and seemed surprised to find an abode of such pretension, in the neighborhood of the village.

“‘A friend of mine lives here, dear Alice,’ I said—‘let us visit her.’”

“Alice consented with an expression of interest, and we approached the door. Elspeth met us,—and I will not attempt to describe her astonishment and delight, when she found that this was

to be her future abode. She turned her eyes on me, humid with tears, and said,—

“ ‘ You must possess Aladdin’s wonderful lamp, to accomplish so much in so short a time ; but no—I wrong you Erlon ;—perseverance and affection are the true magicians in this instance, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for your fore-thought, my friend—my brother.’ ”

“ ‘ No—no,—not your brother,’ said I abruptly,—‘ my love for you is far deeper, truer than that of a brother for the most fondly loved sister.’ ”

“ Elspeth had left us, and I poured forth my passion in words that seemed like a flood of burning lava. I ended by saying,—

“ ‘ I do not ask you, beloved of my soul, to live in this horrible place forever. Since I have known you, I have ceased to be a wrecker :—Never since that night have I gone forth with the band, and from the hour of my father’s death, I have delegated the command to Jemmy Rear-don.’ ”

“ Alice slightly shuddered at the name, but at the moment I was so absorbed in my own feelings, that I did not remark her emotion. She

answered my passionate declaration, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words, pronounced with a sweet seriousness, which was very impressive.

“‘I will not deny, Erlon, that such delicate kindness from one, from whom I could least have expected it, has made a deep impression on my feelings; and that impression is perhaps heightened by my forlorn and desolate condition;—but I cannot conceal from you that I will never consent to marry a man, who only through his passion for me, has torn himself from a pursuit, alike opposed by the laws of God and humanity. Your repentance must come from a higher source—your soul must be bowed in humility before Him whose commands you have outraged, and your life must show the effects of your repentance, before I would dare to trust my earthly lot in your keeping.’

“‘What more can I do?’ I bitterly asked; ‘I have been born and reared in darkness, and if I am willing to accept the light, which first shone on my benighted path through your agency, do I not manifest a desire to improve?’

“‘But I fear that you regard the instrument,

more than Him, who for his own purposes threw me in your way,' she replied, with a faint smile. 'Let us not misunderstand each other, Erlon. I joyfully accept the mission which has been appointed me—I see so much that is noble—so much that may become excellent in your character, that to me it is a delightful task to assist you in overcoming the evil which is naturally foreign to your soul. The day will arrive, when I can with confidence, place my hand in yours as your wife, even as I now give it as your plighted bride.'

"I rapturously received it, and made every effort to overcome her repugnance to wed me then. I vowed that I would never cease striving after the excellence she wished me to attain, but she was inflexible; her hand must be the reward of my entire reformation, not the precursor of it.

"From that time I spent the greater portion of every day at the cottage. Alice was passionately fond of reading, and what few women are, an excellent classical scholar. She accounted for this by informing me that her father had been educated with a view of entering the church,—

but had afterwards rebelled against the parental decree, and entered the army. He was a passionate admirer of the old authors, and had imparted to his daughter his own knowledge of, and exceeding love for their beauties. Among the things cast on shore, was a box of Mr. Crawford's treasured books, and to them I added such modern works as were most congenial with the taste of Alice.

"I have mentioned that my education had not proceeded much beyond its first elements, and now for the first time did I begin to appreciate the intense enjoyment found in literary pursuits. I studied without intermission, and was soon competent to converse with my beloved, concerning the works we often read together. I sought, while reading aloud the impassioned strains of the poet, to express by the inflections of my voice, the tender and soul-thrilling emotions with which my listener inspired me. I can at least say that I have once been happy, for I felt when near Alice, an ineffable satisfaction, as if my soul had found its better part, and all that was needed to complete my existence, was beside me. The conviction that I was daily ren-

dering myself more worthy of the affections of this adored girl, spread through my whole being a delicious, all-pervading sense of happiness.

“Ah! had she then consented to become mine, all the horror,—all the wretchedness, which has since ensued, might have been avoided! But I must not anticipate.

“A year passed thus, and I again urged Alice to listen to my prayer for an immediate union. She replied,—

“‘The time has now arrived, when I can express to you the scruples which still fill my mind, for your perceptions are now so correct, that I believe you will feel with me, that it is impossible for you to retain the wealth accumulated by your father’s evil pursuit.’

“‘I have thought of that,’ I replied,—‘but how can it be returned to the rightful owners? Besides, much of it was lawfully the right of those who rescued it from the ocean, at the risk of their lives. All was not purchased at such a fearful price, as when you——’

“She interrupted me gently,—

“‘It matters not how obtained, Erlon; its possession will bring with it a curse,—and I can-



not consent to be supported on the spoils,—the loss of which, may have consummated the ruin of its hapless owners. You may think that for many months, I have very quietly submitted to this, but the object I had in view, of rescuing a human being capable of better things, from such a life, is my excuse, and to me, it seems good. But now, we must go,—you should seek a higher sphere, and a more honorable means of existence, and while you do this, I will seek a home among the good Sisters of Charity, and in acts of mercy and kindness, expiate my involuntary faults. So soon as you have acquired a competence, however humble, claim me as your wife, and I will joyfully tread the path of life with you, my redeemed, and noble preserver.’

“‘I will go forth and seek a home for you, my beloved,’ I replied, ‘but you must remain here in the shelter of the cottage, with my good Elspeth. She loves me truly, and will watch over you as a mother over her child.’

“‘I cannot remain, when you leave,’ said Alice, quietly—but decisively.

“I pressed her so earnestly for her reasons, and opposed her wish to leave, so vehemently,

that she at length said with great reluctance,—

“‘If you will not be satisfied without a reason, I must give you the true one, dearest Erlon,—but promise me that you will not give way to anger.’

“I gave the desired promise, and she then said,—

“‘I shall not feel quite safe here, without your protection. The son of Elspeth, in spite of his knowledge of our engagement, often intrudes himself into my presence, and speaks of his passion for me, in words which sometimes terrify me.’

“I started up in irrepressible wrath, and exclaimed,—

“‘Insolent wretch! I will instantly punish him!’

“‘Nay, remember your promise, dearest Erlon,’ pleaded the soft voice of Alice. I was instantly calmed,—so magical was her influence over me. Our plans were then talked over, and finally arranged. I intended to go at once to Dublin, and with a sum of money, which had been hoarded by my father, get into some mercantile employment, for which I considered myself well fitted. I promised Alice, that as soon as I could

possibly spare such a sum, I would place the whole amount I had taken from my father's coffers, in the hands of competent persons, to be dispensed in charity, thus clearing myself from all participation in the fruits of his crimes.

“ Alice was to obtain an asylum with the Sisters of Charity, as she proposed, for she steadily refused to be any longer dependent on me, until she became my wife. Our intentions were silently, but quickly put into execution, and on the third morning after our consultation, we were in readiness to set out on our journey. Until the carriage, for which I had sent, by a trusty person, was at the door, even Elspeth remained in ignorance of our intended flitting. I then sought the village, and announced my intended secession from the band. They heard me in silence: the majority of them, already considered me an unworthy representative of my stern and pitiless parent, and had I not voluntarily withdrawn from them, the sentence of expatriation would probably, ere long, have been issued by them against me.

“ In spite of the change in me, some of the old leaven still remained, and I could not refrain from

giving a parting blow to Reardon, for having dared to raise his eyes to the object of my idolatry. From boyhood, a feud had existed between him, and a young man named Casey, both born and reared to their present mode of life; and when I withdrew from the active command of the wreckers, there had been a struggle between the two for the authority I resigned. As the son of my nurse, Reardon had been preferred by me as my representative. As a last act of authority among those lawless men, I now reversed my decision, and appointed Ira Casey my successor, as head of the village. I turned away, amid the acclamations of Casey's partisans, and Reardon approached me. His face was pale with concentrated passion, and in his eyes was an expression which made even my strong nerves quiver. His voice was scarcely above a whisper as he spoke, but it was peculiarly distinct, and energetic,—

“ ‘ Though the same arm enfolded us in infancy, Erlon Purcel,—though the same bosom nourished us, I swear to you inextinguishable hatred, for this cowardly act. If you had left me in peace, I should have forgotten the blue-eyed daughter of the Briton, and have suffered you to

find happiness in her love ; but now, in your hour of brightest hope, remember Reardon, and let his name send a thrill of fear to your soul, for I swear to you, to destroy that happiness, if it should cost me my life.'

"I laughed aloud, and turned off, saying,—

"‘I defy thee, braggart! The whole village knows how much Jemmy Reardon, is given to boasting of his future exploits.’

"‘Call it a boast if you will, but it shall become a terrible reality to you, yet.’

"‘Do your worst,—I fear you not,’ I replied with a sneer, and hastily waving an adieu to the assembled throng, I hurried toward Vine Cottage, and in a few moments was borne from the village forever. Knowing the catastrophe which has since happened, you will be surprised to hear that I really had no fear of the machinations of Reardon. As I had said, he was known to be a great boaster, and his threats against those who offended him, were a standing jest among the villagers, for they had never in any instance, been acted on. My taunt perhaps stung him into the fulfilment of his words to me ; or his passion for Alice, was of such a nature, as to

urge him onward in wrecking her happiness, sooner than see her mine.

“Reardon possessed a talent which had often afforded me much amusement, and I had never thought of the evil influence it might enable him to wield over those who were not on their guard against him. He was an admirable ventriloquist, and an excellent mimic: often have I been startled by his voice, sounding so exactly like an echo of my own, that the nicest ear must have been deceived. We were nearly of the same size, and he could imitate my air and walk so accurately, that with a cloak around him, and his hat slouched over his brows, my best friend would have declared the counterfeit the true man.

“Alice was not aware of this,—and to spare her some uneasiness, I never mentioned the threat of Reardon. From these simple causes, sprang all the evil which ensued. ‘Are we not indeed the blind puppets of a fate that is inevitable?’

“‘My son,’ said the priest mildly,—‘we make our own fate, and the shadows which darken our path, are thrown from the evil passions of our nature. Had you left your enemy to his wild

command, you had not now been here, his condemned murderer.'

" ' True—true,—but I must hurry,—the remaining part of my unhappy story must be told as briefly as possible, or I shall madden over its recital.'

" We went to Dublin, and put our mutual plans in execution. I was successful beyond my hopes, and anticipated our union at the end of the first year of my residence in the capital. I entered into partnership with a substantial trader, and after the lapse of a few months, I was compelled to visit England on business. An advantageous opening for a branch of our trade, presented itself in a small sea-port town, to which I went, and my partner and I thought it advisable to improve it without delay. I consoled myself for my separation from Alice, with the thought that I should sooner be able to claim her as my own. As the end of the year drew near, I found that I should be quite able to marry, and wrote to Alice, to hold herself in readiness to become my bride when the period for which she had taken her vow of charity had expired.

" When the time arrived, to my great chagrin,

I found it would be impossible to leave my place of residence for so long a period, without risking the loss of everything I had embarked in the firm. I informed Alice of my situation, and told her that I would send a confidential person to Ireland, to conduct her to Liverpool, where I would meet her, and have everything in readiness for our immediate union. A vessel would also be chartered to convey my bride, and a cargo of merchandize, to my place of residence. I sent this letter by my confidential clerk, and the answer duly came, promising to meet me at the appointed time.

“I made my arrangements, and having procured a suitable vessel, I set out with a heart filled to overflowing with happiness. The Captain of my craft, proved, as I then thought, very stupid in the navigation of his vessel, but I afterwards knew that he had been bribed to delay my arrival. Suffice it to say, that I did not reach Liverpool until many hours after I should have been married. I hurried with breathless eagerness to the hotel, and enquired for Miss Crawford. The answer paralyzed me,—



““She had been married several hours before, and had embarked, with her husband, on a ship bound for America!’—

“Married!—But I need not repeat to you all my frenzied enquiries, nor the dark fears that fell on my soul, that Reardon had found means to fulfil his evil threats.”

He again paced the floor, in deep agitation.

“Yes—yes, he came indeed in the hour of my brightest hope. I will now tell you what I subsequently heard from the lips of my dying Alice, for once again we stood face to face, and I beheld upon her brow the impress of approaching death, and thanked God that it was so. I could without tears lay her in the silent earth, knowing that her pure spirit was with angels, but it tore my soul with intolerable pangs, to know that her earthly fate was in the power of such a wretch as Reardon.

“On the night of her arrival, Reardon personated me with such success, that even Alice was deceived. He met her in a room dimly lighted, and under the pretext of being much hurried, by the Captain of the vessel which awaited him, who wished to take advantage of wind and tide

in his favor, he wore his cloak ready for instant departure ; his hair was of the same hue, and disposed as I usually wore mine, and he was careful not to approach the light.

“ Alice, agitated, tremulous, half-blinded by her tears, heard the voice of her lover, and doubted not that I was beside her. The license was handed to the clergyman, who hurried over the ceremony, and Alice was taken on board of the ship, which was ready to sail. They remained on deck until they were many miles from land, and when Reardon felt himself safe in the avowal of his villainy, he determined to exult in the anguish of his victim ; for there was as much of hatred to her, on account of the slights he had received from her, as of love, in his debased soul.

“ He entered her state-room with her, and retaining the voice which had enabled him to complete his deception, he said,—

“ ‘ Alice Crawford, you acknowledge yourself my wife in the sight of God and man—and you have willingly come on board this ship, to accompany me to my home ?’

“ ‘ Assuredly, dear Erlon,—why such questions ?’

“ ‘ Erlon,—yes Erlon is the name I bear in common with him who is dear to you, and from him I have stolen you,—behold !’

“ He dropped his cloak,—threw off his hat, and stood before her.

“ Alice uttered an exclamation of horror, and fainted at his feet. When she recovered, she protested that she would never consider as binding, the ceremony which had been performed under such an infamous deception,—she would appeal to the captain and passengers for protection, until she could return to her native land, and petition for freedom from such detested ties. He coolly replied,—

“ ‘ Your story would not be believed, Madam : I have provided for every contingency. The captain believes you to be my insane wife, whom I am taking to America to visit her parents, in the hope that a sight of your native home may prove beneficial to your mind. My arrangements defy all your efforts to escape from my lawful authority, and you leave this room no more, until we reach New-York. Withdraw your affections as speedily as possible from my enemy, and bestow them on your husband, Madam Scornful, or it may fare worse for you than you would like.’

“The unfortunate Alice found his words but too true — no one except a maid servant, was allowed to approach her during the voyage ; and she was so firmly impressed with the truth of Reardon’s assertions respecting the disordered state of her intellect, that she listened with incredulity to the appeals of the wretched girl. By the time they reached New-York, her mind was nearly deranged by her mental sufferings, and her health in an alarming state of decay.

“This enraged Reardon, and he brutally reproached her with grieving over my loss. Nay, I believe that he sometimes proceeded beyond reproaches with his helpless and uncomplaining victim. He procured a house and set his servant as a spy on her, during his absence from home. Alice made an effort to escape from him, with the determination to throw herself on the protection of the first person she met in the streets, who would listen to her story. The servant discovered her flight and instantly followed her. She was brought back to her prison, and when Reardon returned, his anger knew no bounds ; and then I know he struck her, for she fell against a table, the corner of which, wounded her breast so severe-

ly, that she ultimately died from the effects of the blow.

“Through the agency of an intelligent child who played beneath her windows, she next found the means of sending a letter to one of the city papers, containing an advertisement addressed to her unknown uncle. She knew that Reardon never read any thing, and therefore felt safe from being discovered by him.

“Several weeks of sickening hopes and harrowing fears, passed away, but at length the hour of her rescue came. One morning a carriage stopped at the door, from which a middle aged gentleman alighted, and enquired for Alice. It was her uncle, and in spite of the opposition of the servant, he instantly removed her with him to the hotel at which he was stopping, without leaving a clue by which Reardon could trace her. The residence of Mr. Crawford was in the interior of the State, and it was by a mere chance that the advertisement had reached him. When it did, he lost no time in seeking his brother’s child, and Alice in a few hours left the city for his abode.

“Alice felt that her earthly trials were drawing to a close, but she yearned to behold me once

more before she went to her eternal rest. She felt assured that I would seek her, and a letter addressed to me was deposited in the post office at New-York. Yes, she was dying of a broken heart, while I madly ploughed the ocean in pursuit of her destroyer. We were detained by long calms, and I bowed in abject supplication before the God of the storm, to send us winds which might waft me to the land I so wildly desired to reach.

“At last, haggard, and half-maddened, with the fever on my mind, I stood upon the sod of the new world. I sought the post office at once, for I knew that if living, Alice would have found means to deposite there a clue to her abode. I found a letter, and the last words seemed to sear my overwrought brain: ‘Come, so soon as this reaches you, if you would find me alive. I feel that I am sinking rapidly.’

“I learned the route to ———; dashed into the first stage coach, and was borne towards my dying love. I cannot tell you how the day and night, which I spent on the road, passed. I know that my mind was not exactly clear—but one idea seemed to fill it. Alice dead—dying, and I

condemned to live forever without her. When we stopped I ate mechanically, because I feared that the unnatural tension of my nerves, would, without food, incapacitate me from going through with the trying ordeal which awaited me.

“The residence of Mr. Crawford was about two miles from a small village on the stage route, and I walked hither after leaving the coach. I slowly crossed the lawn, and ascended the portico, my heart sinking within me, with the terrible fear, that I was too late. A gentleman met me at the door—and my parched lips syllabled the name of Alice. He read the question I would have asked, on my agonized and distorted countenance.

“‘She lives,’ he said, and led me toward the apartment occupied by her. The doors were all open, for it was midsummer, and in a darkened room, on a couch, whose snowy drapery was scarcely whiter than her face, lay my adored Alice, in a calm sleep. I approached with noiseless steps, and leaned over her. Then I could mark the ravages which suffering had made on her sweet features, but I read on her tranquil brow, and in the subdued expression of her small mouth, that the angel of peace was with her. Her trust

in Heaven had enabled her to overcome the bitterness of anguish—to welcome her approaching death as a release from her unmerited sufferings. I prayed fervently to be able to say even then, ‘My God, not my will, but thine be done.’ My rebellious heart would not be thus schooled. At moments I dared to ask why she, who loved all human things—who would turn aside from her path, to spare the meanest insect that crawls, should have this unutterable load of suffering laid on her. My hot tears fell upon her brow—I knew not that I wept, until she unclosed her eyes, and wiped a lucid drop from her face.

“‘Ah! I dreamed of this,’ said she, stretching forth her emaciated hand, with a smile such as a seraph might wear. ‘Heaven is kind to grant us another earthly meeting. My beloved Erlon, you are just in time—a few hours later, and I should not have seen you. Dear Uncle, leave us alone for one hour.’

“The old gentleman withdrew, and I then listened to the history of her sufferings, with feelings to which no words can do justice. The whirlwind in its greatest might is the only fit type of the wild thoughts and bitter purposes which filled



my mind. In the darkest recess of my soul, I registered a vow to seek Reardon over the wide world, until I had signally avenged her wrongs, my blighted manhood, and desolated future.— Alice possibly read something of what was passing within me, for she then spoke of mercy and good will to all men, and entreated me to leave her destroyer to the vengeance of Heaven. I listened without accurately comprehending her. My future course was already determined on, and with that stupefaction which only the extreme of mental suffering can produce, I listened to her dying words.

“The fatal hour came—the family was called in to receive her last farewell. I supported her head on my travel-stained breast, which no longer heaved with the wild pulsations of anguish. The worst was known, and rising above my great sorrow was an intense and burning desire for vengeance upon her ruthless destroyer. Alice comprehended something of what was passing within me, for she murmured, almost with her last breath, ‘vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.’

“I muttered,—

“‘Aye—but he often chooses earthly instruments by which to accomplish it!’

“She died—and imprinting a last kiss on the pale lips, I strode from the house. I stayed not to perform the last rites to her remains. I had a higher duty to fulfil. I wandered in the woods until the returning coach took me up, and bore me again to the scene of anticipated vengeance. On the second night, about eleven o’clock, I stepped upon the pavement of New-York. I had no intention of seeking a moment’s repose—I knew that in my state of feverish excitement, sleep would fly from me. I had walked more than an hour, and was passing an oyster cellar, when a voice issued from the open door, which at once arrested my steps. It was Reardon, relating to a couple of rough men the nefarious deception he had practiced on poor Alice. He ended by saying,—

“‘I thought that madman, Purcel, would have been on my track before this, and have been in hiding; but I begin to fancy that he has gone back to his business, and concluded to make the best of his loss. I think I may come out and face daylight without fear.’

“I had entered, and gradually drawn near to the speaker, as he uttered these words. With

one bound I sprang on him, and before he could rise, or utter another word, I had sheathed my knife in his craven heart.

“I was instantly arrested, and am now to die the death of a dog for consummating an act of justice.”

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The prisoner ceased—and we will only add, that on all the facts of the case being laid before the Governor, his sentence was finally changed to imprisonment for five years. At the expiration of the term, Purcel went to the far west, and joined a company of trappers who were on their way to the Rocky Mountains. Let us hope, that in the eternal forests, far from the haunts of civilized men, he found that peace and trust in the future, which is life's most precious possession.

Mississippi, ———.





Wm. H. Dyer del.

BEAUFORT FALL.

*Wm. H. Dyer*

## THE RED MILL FALL.

(Opposite Albany.)

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

ILLUSTRATED BY AN ENGRAVING.

WITH one bold spring, the little streamlet sinks  
Prostrate beneath, and slumbers still and pure,  
Holding its silver mirror to the sun  
And open sky. It rushes from its height,  
Like some bold warrior to the gladdening fray,  
Then rests like that same warrior in repose,  
Smiling at victory won. When summer noon  
Makes earth and air all drowsy with its heat,  
Delicious is the rumble of the plunge  
Sounding its grateful coolness to the ear,  
And blending sweetly with the sighing tones  
Born where this spruce uplifts its emerald tent,  
And with the humming, like a giant bee,  
The tall slim mill yields ever through the day.  
Noon's column'd beams bring also out the hues  
That shift and quiver upon the headlong sheet;  
The emerald and the sapphire of its curve,  
The diamond tremble of its glancing drops,  
And all the tints that glitter in the threads  
Of the divided sunshine, of the bow  
Gleaming and dancing in the snowy foam  
Born at its tumbling foot. The afternoon  
Steeps it in pleasant shadow, with a streak  
Of sunshine on the spruce's slender tip  
And mill's sharp roof—and moonlight makes the pitch  
One slope of silver. 'Tis a lovely spot,

And lovers wander here in summer hours,  
To gaze upon the scene, and, 'midst the bright  
And glowing day-dreams given by Hope and Love,  
Muse on the objects that here meet their eye.  
In the swift plunging stream, the youth beholds  
The course of man—his energy of will—  
His rush of action—turbulence of soul ;  
While sees the maiden in the pool beneath,  
The life of woman, gentle, sweet and bright,  
Receiving to her bosom reckless man,  
Yet glassing in her crystal purity  
The stars and sunshine of the heaven above her.

## GOFFE, THE DELIVERER.

BY ELISABETH J. BARBER.

“While Gen. Goffe, one of the judges of Charles I. was secreted in Hadley, Mass., in Sept., 1675, the Indians attacked the town, while the inhabitants were at public worship. The people immediately took to their arms, but owing to the suddenness of the attack, were thrown into great consternation and confusion. Suddenly, and in the midst of the people, there appeared a man of venerable aspect, white with age, and of a most commanding appearance. Putting himself at the head of the affrighted inhabitants, he encouraged them, and ordered and arranged the men, in the best military manner. Under his direction, the enemy was repelled, and routed. He now instantly disappeared. The wondering inhabitants alike ignorant from whence he came, or where he retired, imagined him to be an angel, sent for their deliverance. This supposed angel was Gen. Goffe, who being concealed in the house of a friend, seeing the danger of the inhabitants, rushed forth to their defence, and led them on to victory.”

HARK! hark! the watchman's thrilling cry  
Falls wildly on the ear, —  
“To arms! fly to the conflict! fly!  
The savage foe is near!”

Pale grew the tender mother's cheek,  
As silently she prest,



With feelings, words might never speak,  
Her loved ones, to her breast.

And louder rose the savage yell  
The echoing woods along—  
Those ravening wolves—who, who can quell?  
For they are fierce and strong.

Unused to cope in mortal strife,  
The Pilgrim's brow grew pale;  
He thought of dear ones, *home*, and life—  
What would *his* strength avail?

The man of God now bows him there,  
His flock around him press;  
“Wilt thou not hear thy servant's prayer,  
Amid this wilderness?”

“Did we not cross the rolling wave,  
That we might worship thee?  
Oh Father, save! thy children save!  
Our shield, our guardian be.”

The prayer is heard! a form is seen  
Amid the frightened band,  
Firm as a rock—calm and serene,  
He boldly takes his stand.

His waving locks are snowy white,  
As silvered o'er by time;  
And yet his eye is keen and bright,  
As that of manhood's prime.

“Courage! cheer up, ye fainting band!”  
His tones are loud and clear;  
Like one accustomed to command,  
He stands unflinching here.

“Move dauntless on! and thus control  
The furious men of blood;  
Unwonted courage nerves the soul  
Of him who trusts in God.”

“Like some bright being from above,  
He bears a charmed life.”  
So spake the soul who saw him move,  
Unharm'd amid the strife.

Awed by his mien of majesty,  
The lightning of his eye,  
The foe fall back in wild dismay;  
They shrink, in terror fly.

The strife is o'er — the battle plain  
The Pilgrim band have won;  
Yet wonderingly they look in vain  
For him who led them on.

Mysteriously the stranger came,  
As strange his flight had been;  
None knew his story, or his name,  
Amid those wondering men, —

But deemed him as an angel sent  
For their deliverance given,  
And many a prayer that evening went  
From thankful hearts to Heaven.

## SYMPATHY.

BY ELISABETH G. BARBER

OH! sweet, mysterious echo  
Of the feelings of the heart!  
Thou hast a power to touch its chords,  
Its music to impart.  
As the bird pours forth its carol  
To greet its mate's sweet cry,  
So spirit voice meets spirit voice,  
In tones of Sympathy.

Like a glorious beam of sunshine  
In a gloomy day of showers;  
Like cooling winds to aching brows,  
Or dew to withering flowers —  
So comes the cheering feeling,  
Amid our joy or care,  
That some kind heart is linked with ours,  
Our smiles and tears to share.

Like a wild bird, caged and pining,  
For the joyous burst of song,  
Which met his own rejoicing lay,  
Its native bowers among —  
Or a lyre whose strings are broken,  
Which gives no answering strain,  
To the hand that sweeps across its chords,  
To wake its tones, — in vain.

Like the restless voice of waters —  
Of wild waves rolling by,

Which wake no answering sound again  
To greet their own deep sigh;  
So is the human spirit,  
Still pining on — *alone*,  
With none to echo back its sighs,  
And its joys unfelt, unknown.

Speak gently to thy brother;  
Thy brother grieved, oppressed —  
It may be that thy words may come  
With healing to his breast;  
Thou mayest a chord awaken,  
The spirit-harp's rich tone,  
Whose murmurs through *Eternity*,  
Shall answer to thine own!

And oh! perhaps in Heaven,  
When loved ones gather there,  
A crowning joy, perchance may be,  
*Each other's* bliss to share,  
When we lose the dim Ideal,  
In blest Reality —  
And the hearts that beat together *here*,  
Then "face to face" shall see!

“A GREEN AND SILENT SPOT AMONG THE  
HILLS.”

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

“Oh what a weary race my feet have run,  
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crowned,  
And thought my way was all o'er fairy ground.”

WARTON.

IN the soft gloom of Summer's balmy eve,  
When from the lingering glances of the sun  
The sad earth turns away her blushing cheek,  
Mantling its glow in twilight's dusky veil,  
Oft 'mid the falling dews I love to stray  
Onward and onward through the pleasant fields,  
Far up the lillied borders of the stream  
To this “green silent spot among the hills,”  
Endeared by thronging memories of the past.

Oft have I lingered on this rustic bridge,  
To view the limpid waters, winding on,  
Under dim-vaulted woods whose woven boughs  
Of beech and maple and broad Sycamore,  
Throw their soft moving shadows o'er the wave,  
While blossomed vines dropp'd to the water's brim,  
Hang idly swaying in the Summer wind.  
The birds that wander through the twilight heaven  
Are mirrored far beneath me, and young leaves  
That tremble on the birch-tree's silver boughs,  
In the cool wave reflected gleam below,  
Like twinkling stars athwart the verdant gloom.

A sound of rippling waters rises sweet  
Amid the silence, and the western breeze  
Sighing through sedges and low meadow-blooms,  
Comes wafting gentle thoughts from memory's land  
And wakes the long-hushed music of the heart.

Oft dewy Spring hath brimmed the brook with showers,  
Oft hath the long, bright Summer fringed its banks  
With waving blossoms, and the Autumn sun  
Shed mellow hues o'er all its wooded shores,  
Since first I trod these paths in youth's sweet prime,  
With loved ones, whom Time's desolating wave  
Hath wafted now forever from my side.

The living stream still lingers on its way  
In idle dalliance with the dew-lipp'd flowers,  
That toss their pretty heads at its caress,  
Or trembling listen to its silver voice,  
While, through yon rifted boughs, the evening star  
Is seen above the hill-top, beautiful  
As when on many a balmy Summer night,  
Lapp'd in sweet dreams,—in holy passion hushed,  
I saw its ray slant through the dusky pines.

Long years have passed, and by the unchanging stream  
Bereft and sorrow-taught, alone I stand  
Listening the hollow music of the wind,  
Alone—alone. The stars are far away  
And frequent clouds shut out the Summer heaven,  
But still the calm earth keeps her constant course  
And whispers "Hope" through all her breathing flowers.

Not all in vain the vision of our youth,—  
The Apocalypse of Beauty and of Love—  
The stag-like heart of Hope—Life's mystic dream  
The soul shall yet interpret,—to our prayer  
The Isis veil be lifted. Though we pine,

Ee'n 'mid the ungathered roses of our youth,  
Pierced with strange pangs and longings infinite,  
As if earth's fairest flowers served but to wake  
Sad, haunting memories of our Eden home,  
Not all in vain. Meantime in patient trust  
Rest we on Nature's bosom—from her eye,  
Serene and still, drinking in faith and love—  
To her calm pulse attempering the heart  
That throbs too wildly for ideal bliss.  
Oh, gentle Mother! heal me, for I faint  
Upon life's arid pathway, and my feet  
On the dark mountains stumble—near thy heart  
Close nestling, let me lie;—and let thy breath  
Fall cool upon my cheek as in those unworn ages,  
Ere pale thought forestalled life's patient harvest.  
Give me strength in generous abandonment of heart  
To follow wheresoe'r o'er the world's waste  
The cloudy pillar moveth,—'Till at last  
It guide to pleasant vales and pastures green,  
By the still waters of eternal life.

Providence, June 10, 1846.

## SMILE OF LOVE.

BY JUDGE RO. STRANGE.

A smile of Love! Sweet, gentle thought,  
How thronging with thee, come,  
With ev'ry dear affection fraught,  
All memories of Home.

We see the happy infant smile  
Upon the mother's breast,  
In sportive playfulness the while,  
Or sunk in dreamy rest.

There, too, the mother's smile of love,  
With angel-fondness glows,  
Like some stray sunbeam from above,  
Upon a budding rose.

And holier thoughts than language bears—  
That Smile of Love bespeaks,  
Although the brow a sadness wears,  
And tears are on the cheeks.

What volumes in those thoughts we scan!  
What varied hopes and fears —  
Of what awaits that future man,  
In lapse of coming years!

And e'en of time they leap the goal,  
And search beyond its bound,  
For what may there betide the soul —  
Eternity — profound.



Paternal Love, too, has its smile,  
Most God-like in its form,  
Lighting the filial heart the while,  
Amid life's wildest storm.

Yet sadness mingles with its light,  
That warns, as still it cheers,  
Of sorrow coming, oft to blight  
The buds of opening years.

And here, we mark a sweeter smile,  
(The heart none sweeter knows,)  
All ills of life it doth beguile —  
The smile True Love bestows —

The smile that timid Beauty bears,  
Guileless — yet full of art,  
When first to own, her bosom dares,  
The chosen of her heart —

A smile that nerves the soul for strife,  
On Time's uncertain stream,  
And gilds the darkest hour of life  
With its resplendent beam —

That heightens every roseate hue,  
Each fragrance makes more sweet,  
Truth, in its light, becomes more true,  
And earthly joy, complete —

It warms the heart — it melts the soul,  
Enkindles soft desire ;  
From vice it purifies the whole,  
In its delicious fire.

There 's yet another smile than this,  
In radiance far above ;

Filling the soul with holy bliss —  
'Tis God's own smile of Love.

Ay ! truly, 'tis a smile of Love,  
A cheering comfort given  
To man when banished from above,  
A relick of lost Heaven.

This glorious smile all Nature wears,  
Nought can its brightness shroud ;  
Its sweetness each kind rainbow bears,  
Upon the darkest cloud.

For, smiles of Love, in Beauty's eye,  
Though sweet, — can scarce compare,  
With Rainbow love-smiles in the sky,  
Which tell us — God is there !

May 31, 1846.

## CHILDREN'S EVENING GAMBOLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "ATALANTIS," &amp;c.

## I.

HEAR you not the merry sound?  
Gather to the fairy round;  
'Tis the hour, 'tis the hour,  
When the gentle signs abound,  
When the bud begins to flower,  
When the moon with placid power,  
Soothes and lights the happy ground.

## II.

Leap you not to that array,  
Pure young hearts in pleasant play;—  
Would you lose, would you lose,  
Aught of such a holiday?  
When the songs of such a Muse,  
Lead the rapt soul where they choose,  
Far in Fancy's world away.

## III.

Dear to watch that pleasant game,  
Chaste but lively, free from shame,—  
Childhood sweet, childhood sweet,—  
Eyes of fire you would not tame,—  
On the floor the rapid beat  
Of the music-mocking feet,  
Free, wild laugh, and fond acclaim.

## IV.

Oh, this future on the floor,  
How it doth the past restore ! —  
In our eye, in our eye,  
Stands the maid we loved of yore, —  
When, like him, the urchin nigh,  
First we learn'd to love and sigh,  
As we love and sigh no more !

Woodlands, May, 1846.

## BONAVENTURE.

BY ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

Near to the city of Savannah, is a beautiful spot, called *Bonaventure*. It was the ancient residence, and burial place of the TATTNALL family—and there sleep the ashes of JOSIAH TATTNALL, one of the Governors of Georgia, and a member of Congress; and of his son, EDWARD F. TATTNALL, also a distinguished member of Congress from Georgia. The buildings have all decayed and fallen, but the magnificent avenues of old oaks remain, twining their arms together, and canopied by the long black moss, which hanging from the trees, and catching from limb to limb, or waving gracefully to the breeze, form a picture of grandeur and sublime beauty that language can never properly describe. At the close of a Spring evening, when the whip-poor-will has commenced his lay, and the moonbeams are flashing upon the chrystal river, and shining upon the mossy covering of the old trees, there is no spot more lovely. Reposing beneath the thick bower, you may hear the merry song of the negro, as he glides in his light canoe above the wave; and the voice of the mocking bird, and the scream of the night hawk, and the hum of the insect tribe, come with a mingled and lulling sound upon your ear. The atmosphere is balmy, and the soft breeze is laden with the perfume of the yellow Jessamine. No sense remains ungratified, and you tear yourself away with a reluc-

tance that you must feel to appreciate. A few years since a stranger suffering from melancholy, visited it so often and became so enamored with it, that after exclaiming, "what a beautiful spot to die in!" he flung himself in the river and perished.

Bonaventure has been recently purchased, with a view of converting it into a burial ground. It is a sweet spot to slumber in, after the fever of life has ended, and many a tear of affection and of memory will glisten upon the wild flowers that spring unbidden, but not uncherished, o'er its verdant turf.

The following is a feeble effort to describe the beauties of the scene,—

'Tis a clear and beautiful Summer's day,  
And the sun shines down with his brightest ray,  
And the birds sing their anthems among the trees,  
That rock with the breath of the gentle breeze;  
And the deer bound on in the forest wide,  
Or stop to gaze in the streamlet's tide:  
Oh, tell me not that your northern clime,  
Alone has charms for the Poet's rhyme!  
You must dwell 'neath the dome of our Southern sky,  
And list to the sounds as they murmur by;  
You must see the stars of our dewy night,  
The fairy scene of our sweet moonlight;  
Our oaks, with their mossy festoons hung,  
'Mid whose wreaths the mock-bird's notes are sung.  
You must see the Jessamine's fragrant flower,  
Twining around each leafy bower;  
The tall Magnolia's noble bloom,  
The Orange with its sweet perfume,  
The butterfly of gorgeous hue,  
Fit dweller 'neath a sky so blue:

And you must own — unless your mind,  
To every generous thought is sere,  
That gentle nature — always kind,  
Scatters her blessings every where !

Do you doubt it yet? Come with me, then,  
Let us roam from the busy haunts of men ;  
There's a lovely spot some miles away,  
And there let our eager footsteps stray.  
A crystal river, deep and wide,  
Washes a bluff with its rippling tide :  
You may hear the scream of the sea curlew,  
And the hawk, as it doth its game pursue ;  
And there may you see the light canoe,  
Dancing away on the waves of blue.  
Look to the shore ! there are aged oaks,  
That have stood both Time and Tempest's strokes,  
Yet still uprear their noble form,  
Despite the lightning and the storm.  
See, how they stretch beyond your view,  
In many a splendid avenue !  
Let us wander down the forest aisle,  
Thro' which the sunbeams never smile ;  
Look how the boughs together lock,  
And the long moss around them clinging,  
Its sable banners wildly flinging,  
As if they dared the Tempest's shock.  
A mournful legend I could tell,  
Of one, who loved this spot so well,  
He flung his life beneath the wave,  
And sought and found his chosen grave !

Look to the right ! 'neath that Laurel's bloom,  
You may see the shaft of a marble tomb —  
And there below that quiet grave,  
Sleepeth the true heart, bold and brave :\*

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\* The Honorable EDWARD F. TATTNALL.

Nor he alone, for scatter'd round,  
Is many a consecrated mound;  
The honored sire — the gallant son,  
The matron who all hearts had won,  
The child who ne'er had known life's woes, —  
Here slumber in their last repose.  
Earth keepeth here a sacred trust,  
The ashes of the brave and just;  
And *Georgia* has no spot, I ween,  
More cherish'd than this rural scene!  
The glare of the day  
Has vanish'd away,  
And the moon smileth down with her silvery ray;  
See how it kisses the water's foam,  
Look how it shines on the mossy dome;  
And near yon rill,  
The whip-poor-will,  
Sends to your heart its plaintive trill!

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us tear ourselves from the fairy view,  
And bid to its scenes a kind adieu!  
But memory still will long retain,  
The charms of *Bonaventure's* plain, —  
And trace, in many a pleasant dream,  
Its waving oaks — its chrystal stream

Savannah, Georgia, June 6, 1846.



## JANUARY.

BY TAL. P. SHAFFNER.

“ Gate of the year ! where would'st thou lead us now  
On still through Winter's path — or wilt, ere long,  
Thaw the cold icicles that point thy brow,  
And wend us to a way of woodland song  
And Spring-time, flower-embroider'd road of light ?  
Art thou like Susas's portals, which disclose  
Unto the Alpine traveller, the sight,  
All suddenly, of fair Italia's rose  
And vine, and honeysuckle interlac'd ?  
Or has December left a *will* behind  
That thou should'st on perpetuate his snows,  
And make the year like that he left, a waste ?  
Is not young Spring a wooer warm and kind —  
Wilt not for her thy rigid locks unbind ? ”

THE first month in the year, as now recognized in the calendar, we learn was so placed by Numa Pompilius, when he added it, together with February, to Romulus's year. The name is supposed to be derived from the Latin word, *Janua*, a gate, and as Janus was considered by the Romans to preside over the gates of Heaven, the name of the month is supposed to have reference to the opening of a new era, or renewal of time. We also learn, that the Saxons denominated this

month *Wolf-monat*, or Wolf-month, on account of the famished wolves that then invaded their villages. The term *monat*, or month, applies to each of the twelve divisions of the year and is derived from the same source.

January is replete with interest; its annual return is welcomed, and hearts rejoice on its arrival; it brings to mind many scenes of by-gone days,—days of joy and mirth, and their remembrances cluster fondly in the imagination. In scanning the past, the existence of valued and endeared friends is not forgotten, nor, are the ever welcomed new-year's days;—those days when the members of the family delighted in each other's smiles and words of joy. The heart remembers that since the existence of those happy scenes, a father, mother, or some other much loved friend has passed away forever, and their souls, perhaps, winged off on sweet pinions, to a home of eternal rest. We dwell on these melancholy thoughts, and scarce can shake them from our minds.

The frosty nights of this month are favorable for viewing the works of Nature as displayed in the “star deck'd heavens.” Resplendent in

brightness are the hosts that sparkle from the blue depths of the firmament. The clear sky reflects with brilliancy the lustre of every constellation. January, if not clad in snow and icicle, is borne on the wings of the tempest ; the birds seek shelter round the farm houses, and venture timidly abroad to gather food—for the crumbs thrown in their way, they appear doubly grateful, and express their thanks in cheerful song. Many of the beasts of the fields also, now shew their dependence on man.

This is the month for reflection and the formation of new resolves,—to live better than in days gone by,—to exercise more caution for the future,—to perform far better works. And how sacred, then, should these promises be kept ; how cherished they should be in the bosom ; and in the onward progress of life, how strictly should we keep these *Lights* to guide us in the path of future days.

## QUEEN ISABELLA.

BY D. P. THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF "MAY MARTIN," "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS," &amp;c.

THERE is one being whose name, as connected with the discovery of this country, it appears to us has been strangely suffered to remain in the shade of neglect; and yet one whose memory should be cherished while there is an American pulse left to beat in gratitude to its benefactors:—When the illustrious discoverer of America was wandering from Court to Court, humbly petitioning the bigoted Princes of Europe, to patronize his great enterprise, and when his proposals were every where coldly rejected, and his exalted views of giving the blessings of a new world to man, every where met with contempt, and sometimes even with the menaces of the Inquisition, who was it that listened to his magnificent plans, as the only sovereign of the times capable of appreciating them, and first whispered to his desponding mind the cheering accents of encouragement? Who

was it when the enemies of Columbus were pouring the poison of their malice and falsehood into the ears of the blinded Ferdinand, that advocated his cause and kindly shielded him from aspersion? And who, when that weak monarch refused to take any part in the enterprise, and none would aid or assist him, who was it that then stepped forth, fearlessly took the responsibility, and, in the face of a sneering Court, openly declared herself the patroness of the bold navigator; and stripping the costly gems from her glittering diadem, nobly proffered them to defray the expense of the expedition? It was a woman. Contemporaries of female excellence, it was a woman—Isabella, the high souled Queen of Spain; but for whom this civilized and smiling land might still have been the dark and dreary abode of the wild brute and the degraded Savage. And yet what city, what province, or island, connected with this extensive continent, bears her name? What monument rises to commemorate the debt of gratitude due from America for the immeasurable benefits that flowed from her single exertions? None! While the various places and States of our country are honoring with their names the memories

of titled idiots, or princes who have never raised a hand but against us, no State, city, island or place, unless the most insignificant, receives the appellation of Isabella. Her name is pronounced coldly in Europe, and, catching the tone of their indifference, Americans seem almost to have forgotten the memory of one to whom justice would award a wreath, more stainless and enviable, than all the laurels that ever encircled the brows of the Cæsars.

## ADELA — A SONG.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

I HEARD a little bird one day,  
A songster sweet with plumage gay,  
Singing, — and this bird did say,

Adela! Adela!

From the morning to the night,  
Did this songster bless my sight,  
Chanting to my heart's delight,

Adela! Adela!

Never ceasing, now is heard,  
Evermore this little bird,  
Chanting evermore the word,

Adela! Adela!

With this bird, Oh! maiden sweet,  
In the green woods will you meet,  
And thy name with it repeat,

Adela! Adela!

Jackson, Tennessee, June, 1846.







THE ROMAN SOLDIER

## THE RESURRECTION.

BY JUDGE RO. STRANGE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

NIGHT had come down upon Judea's hills,  
Dark, chill, and cheerless—and the few pale stars  
Seem'd half afraid to look upon a world  
Distained, so lately, with Messiah's blood—  
And still as night was old Jerusalem,  
Her myriad habitants lock'd up in sleep,  
Except a few, pond'ring within their minds  
Late sad events, all fill'd with import dread,  
And a dull sentinel, who wander'd to and fro  
In Joseph's garden, near a rocky cave—  
(Joseph of Arimathea, was he called,  
An honorable Counsellor—yet one  
Who lov'd the truth—and ventur'd for its sake.)  
More still and darker wax'd the gath'ring night,  
And still more anxiously that sentinel,  
As passing to and fro with measur'd tread,  
Cast ever and anon a troubled look  
Upon that cave,—wond'ring if all were safe.  
Yet deeper grew the night, and drowsiness  
Came down upon the sentinel. He ceased  
His measur'd tread, and lean'd upon his spear;  
Then he reclined himself amid the flowers  
That grew in Joseph's garden,—and he slept:—  
Slept as if all those flowers were poppies.  
Nature herself seem'd drugg'd and slept profound;  
Grim Death now gloried in his mastery,

.

With wide, black banner proudly spread abroad,  
To tell the nations he had conquer'd Heaven,  
And in eternal durance held her King.  
Amid this triumph, all creation shook,—  
A sudden brightness broke upon the scene,  
And burnish'd clouds of gold, with swiftness came,  
On which angelic forms were pillow'd soft,  
In beauty far transcending aught on earth—  
Clad in white robes—in robes so glitt'ring white  
As never fuller could have whited them.—  
Two of these Heavenly forms descended  
From their airy chariots;—while the rest pass'd on,  
They came, (regardless of the sentinel,)  
Unto the cave, upon whose mouth there lay  
A stone, whose mighty size sternly forbade  
Exit or entrance—and moreover seal'd,  
That none might dare to move it from its bed—  
But with a strong volition, on that stone  
Gaz'd one of these;—and lo! its seal was rent,  
And the huge bulk, self-moved, roll'd to his feet!  
He sate upon it—and forthwith there came,  
From out that cave, a man of visage pale;  
Sorrow and pain were written on his brow,  
And all his garments were distain'd with blood,  
Incessant welling from a wounded side.  
Most painfully he trode, with bleeding feet,  
And pierc'd with rugged wound was either hand.  
As forth he came, the Heav'nly visitants  
Their faces veil'd; and rev'rently succumb'd  
In low obeisance, while he pass'd them by  
And meekly whisper'd “I have conquer'd Death!”  
The Conq'ror pass'd, but whither no one knew;—  
Affrighted Death, and Night, before him fled,  
As the uprising sun but lightly touch'd  
With one stray beam, their banner in its flight.  
The sentinel awoke—the cave was rifled,

All its treasure gone — a treasure unto him  
Of greater moment than vast India's wealth.  
A Roman soldier on his post had slept,  
And death alone could pay the forfeit due.  
He fled — and left the promise thus fulfill'd,  
That Christ should triumph over Death and Hell

June 1, 1846.

## SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

Thus he died,—the poet died,  
In the tempest, by the tide,  
                    In his day of prime ;  
Secret, in the mighty deep,  
Was that struggle into sleep,  
                    That defeat of time !

The capricious tempest bore,  
His sad requiem to the shore,  
                    Sorrowing for its deed ;—  
Ah ! too late the Naiads moan,  
To restore the spirit gone,  
                    From its bondage freed !

He has woes, as who has not,  
But they did not blight nor blot,  
                    His pure, high, white heart ;  
And the earth which did but frown,  
And the deep which sucked him down,  
                    Were of him a part !

Meek was he as one, who, spent,  
Warring with each element,  
                    Lays him on the ground, —  
Drinking in from sky and air,  
Sea and land, the dark and fair,  
                    Nourishment profound.

Merciful in judgment, he  
Kept his firm fidelity,  
                    To his human laws;  
Mortal only in his tears,  
Earthly suffering, earthly cares,  
                    And love's mortal cause!

Lay the meek one by the strand,  
Where the billows on the sand,  
                    Roll with ceaseless strain;  
By the ruined fane, prepare  
Fitting altar,—for the fair,  
                    White spirit mounts again!

Pale and cold his lofty brow,  
How much colder than the snow;—  
                    Still,—the lips that late  
Sang, as never sang before  
Common mortal, by the shore  
                    Looking forth on fate.

Who is he that seeks the dead,  
With a kindred look and tread,  
                    Sad, stern, dewy-eyed;  
Lifting with unconscious hand  
The cold figure from the strand,  
                    Kneeling by its side?

He, the mighty one of song,  
A tall leader in the throng,  
                    With a wo-strung lyre,—  
Friend and kinsman, lo! he keeps,  
Holy faith with him, who sleeps  
                    On his funeral pyre

What a silence fills the sky,  
As they build that altar high, —  
                    Silence wraps the deep;  
Night is solemn, earth is still,  
Echo, on her lonely hill,  
                    Yields herself to sleep.

Mounts the body, mounts the blaze,  
In the distant fisher's gaze,  
                    Wond'ring as he sees; —  
One deep burst of anguish breaks  
Silence, and the strong man shakes,  
                    On his bended knees.

Done is now that sacrifice,  
Sacred in the sight of skies, —  
                    Sad in that of earth;  
SHELLEY, peaceful, by the wave  
Where he found his midnight grave,  
                    Sleeps the second birth.

With a never ceasing strain,  
Murmurs drowsily the main;  
                    And the sea-birds there,  
Have a chant o'er him that died,  
In his beauty and his pride,  
                    Child of genius — child of care !

Jackson, Tennessee, June, 1846.

## FAITH IN MAN.

BY L. A. HINE.

THIS is, emphatically, an age of reform. In saying this, we pay a high compliment to the people of this generation; for, thereby we acknowledge that man is neither standing still nor going backward, but advancing to nobler realities and more perfect enjoyments. An age of reform always abounds with individuals of deep sincerity, unflinching energy, and lofty aspirations. Such stand out prominently, make impressions on the public mind—place the future under obligations to their thought, zeal and enthusiasm, and speak with power long after they have gone hence. They have soul as well as intellect, that reaches forward to something purer and higher. They look upon the beneficent arrangement of all external things, and wonder that so much destitution and misery should prevail in a world where there is such a bountiful profusion of every thing that can contribute to the highest happiness of all



mankind. They literally "go about doing good." They console and aid the widow and the fatherless, carry joy and gladness to the gloomy abode of distress and discouragement, penetrate the dark cells of the unfortunate violators of the law, and awaken their better sentiments by convincing them that they still have friends, and are not forsaken, and they cheer and encourage the mass of the ignorant, toil-worn and poor, by pointing to them the star of Hope and Progress. Forsaking the allurements of wealth and honorable distinction among men, they manfully stem the current of public opinion, and are willing to incur the contempt and ridicule of the leaders of men, if, by so doing, they can elevate the down-trodden and degraded, and make such impressions as will finally result in the advancement of human felicity. God bless the Reformers!—They mean well and act boldly, though they may sometimes err. They have not only an unwavering faith in God and his works, but they have the second great article of faith within their souls and speaking from a benevolent countenance—FAITH IN MAN. They have confidence in his capacity of improving his condition, and working his own

passage to a high and glorious destiny, where sorrow and sighing shall cease, where knowledge and true pleasure shall be within the reach of all, and where love and harmony shall prevail among the children of men.

We proceed to remark more definitely upon the subject before us:—

I. The greatest obstacle in the way of human progress is semi-infidelity,—that which joins to faith in God and His Providence, a gloomy skepticism or total want of confidence in the powers of man for noble purposes.

We denominate the want of faith in man—infidelity,—because the same injunction which binds all in love to the Creator, imposes the obligation of love to man. We cannot love an object which is destitute of lovely qualities; and if man be destitute of those qualities which are adequate to his advancement toward the perfect, there can be little in his nature to excite our admiration. But He who viewed humanity as it had been, was, and would be, declared its attributes worthy the highest regard, and commended its splendid destiny to the attention and aspiration of the faithful.

The infidelity that abounds on this subject is truly astonishing. But few are found who have any hope of a better condition on earth. The many regard themselves, individually, as qualified for great things and high enjoyments, but withhold the same esteem from others. A narrow selfishness pervades them, which destroys their confidence in their fellow beings. Respectable thinkers, good scholars and honest men contend that man is the same in all ages, and the present has nothing to boast of in comparison with the past. They claim to be students of history, and to draw their opinions thence; but they do not reflect that history, in this respect, is deceptive. History is the organ of the few and not of the many. The sentiments, enjoyments, and great achievements of the leaders, find an echo in its pages, but they contain little that speaks of the condition of the mass. But we will not dwell upon this: suffice it to say, that the spirit of peace which has prevailed for the last quarter of a century, is sufficient evidence that the great heart of humanity beats with holier emotions than when carnage and bloodshed were its delight, and the pursuit of war was alone considered honorable.

This want of faith in man, we say, is a great obstacle the Reformer has to encounter. It discourages and prevents that active co-operation which is so essential to the accomplishment of great objects. Those who are afflicted with this infidelity deem it useless to attempt any important reform. They justify their inactivity and parsimoniousness in promoting improvement, by contending that the mass will continue the same in spite of all our efforts. That the same amount of misery, degradation and inequalities among men will continue, notwithstanding the bright anticipations of the hopeful. So far do many carry their misanthropic sentiments, as to repose no trust whatever in their fellows, unless they are so well acquainted with them as to know they will not betray it. The writer knows an individual of wealth and high standing in his community, who acted upon this principle. He was called into court to impeach the character of a witness, for veracity. Being asked, "are you acquainted with the witness at the stand?" replied, "I am;" and to the question, "from what you know of his character for truth, would you believe him under oath?" he answered, "I would not." The op-

posite counsel then enquired the reasons of his want of confidence in the testimony of the witness; which he gave as follows:—"I would not believe any person under oath, with whom I am not so well acquainted as to know he will not perjure himself. Though I have known the witness at the stand for several years, yet I have not such an intimate knowledge of his character as to put any confidence in his testimony. However, I know nothing against him which I do not hold against every one with whom I am no better acquainted." This is a fair specimen of the cold and heartless misanthropy that afflicts many of the most influential in society. Though it is not acknowledged so boldly, yet the conduct of men betrays it.

## II. What is the cause of this infidelity?

1. The chief cause is, erroneous views concerning the relations subsisting among men, and the formation of character. It has been said (with how much truth the reader can judge,) that the character of every person is mainly formed before arriving at years of discretion. If this be true, (few thinkers will be found to deny,) we readily discover what should be our sentiments towards

these whose conduct is a dishonor to humanity. Under a false philosophy we hold every man responsible for his evil deeds, to the fullest extent, as though he had enjoyed all the advantages of a thorough discipline. If a man's character is formed in youth, can he be said to be responsible for it, or for its results? We blame no one for that which he had not power to avoid. It would be the rankest injustice to do so. The young are entirely under the control of others—they cannot help themselves—parents and instructors make them as they choose, or rather, as their means of knowledge, appreciation of character, &c., permit. No one is blameable for the legitimate consequences of a false or deficient education. Neither is any one responsible for the results of a bad mental organization, occasioned by the disobedience of his ancestors. No son of man who comes into the world free from deformity and receives a correct education, will act with impropriety. Other considerations might be here introduced, but it is unnecessary.

We thus discover that no human being is worthy of contempt,—but on the contrary, those who are afflicted with a bad development, deserve our

pity for their misfortunes. We also learn from these facts, that human nature is not that wicked wretch, as some declare, but that all vice and crime is attributable to ignorance. Instead, then, of rolling out our curses upon the heads of wrongdoers, we should rally under the banner of reform, and aid in the diffusion of light and knowledge. We should, by the assistance of a true philosophy, banish our infidelity and misanthropy, and have faith in the abundant capabilities of human nature. There never was a person so degraded as to be beyond the reach of hope. No one was ever found insensible to the kindness of friends and the sympathy of philanthropists. These truths are proved every where under the healthful operation of truth. Old offenders have been taken from the dungeon, cheered by words of encouragement, supported in the unequal contest they were compelled to wage against popular hate and public wrong, and have proved their natural worth by leading quiet and honest lives. A single lover of his species in Boston, has, with limited means, during a few years past, taken scores by the hand, led them from the mire, defended them from the malice of the public, and established their feet

upon the "rock of ages." This man, (a kind hearted mechanic,) now enjoys the glowing pleasure of seeing many saved, who but for him would have been hopelessly lost. The Society in New-York for the relief of discharged convicts, has also demonstrated that man, in his lowest state, is capable of regeneration. Let us, then, review the grounds of our infidelity and not yield to that pernicious fatalism which leads us to think, that, in spite of our efforts, there will be about the same amount of vice and woe in the world.

2. A second reason, for our want of faith in man, is, our deficient knowledge of ourselves. He who candidly looks into his own soul and discovers the weaknesses of his own character, will find an apology for those who have not been surrounded with the same adventitious circumstances. There is no one without fault; "let him that is without fault cast the first stone." He who thoroughly understands himself, cannot think evilly of his neighbor, unless he despises his own character. We all have our failings—these failings have a prejudicial influence upon others, and perhaps are the remote cause of many individuals' misfortunes. Let all who cherish misanthropic



sentiments beware of discouraging those who are striving to elevate their race to that proud position which it is destined to occupy.

III. What arguments can we bring for the defence of humanity?

1. We can, with confidence appeal to history. When, in all the epochs of the past, did the world present so hopeful an aspect as at present? When did man ever before stand upon so proud an elevation? When was all nature so thoroughly investigated and her secrets revealed by the light of science? When did art unfold herself in such diversified forms? When was knowledge so generally diffused among men, and when did the mass ever before enjoy an enlightened independence under governments organized and administered by themselves? When went there by an age in which the rights of man were so well understood and defended—when the full liberty of speech and of the press was held sacred to every individual? We look in vain through all previous time, for the splendid achievements of this age. The nineteenth century alone can boast of her Sovereign People, her Common Schools, her

Tolerance of Opinion, her Steamboats, her Railroads, and her Electric Telegraphs.

We frequently hear the ancient Grecians and Romans lauded with extravagance, and the present disparaged in the contrast. And who were the Grecians and Romans? They were bands of aristocratic exclusives, who deemed themselves the rightful masters of the world, and looked upon all other people with contempt, entitled to no rights but the rights of galley slaves. Born and nurtured in the lap of war, they knew no other honorable calling, and their triumphs were the triumphs of physical power and animal courage, instead of the victories of talent and genius in the fields of intellectual research. To be sure, Greece had her sculptors, her painters, her philosophers and her poets, but we inquire in vain for those liberal views, that mental development and expansion that are the glory of the present. We ask in vain for that education and equality among the mass which now prevail. When we speak of her freedom, we should recollect that the great body were the lowest slaves, and every independent speaker was exposed to the *Ostracism*, and thereby liable to become an exile in foreign lands. Both these

renowned nations had their orators; and what barbarous or savage people were ever without them? The Roman masters had the liberty of taking the lives of their slaves at will, and the most agreeable diversions of the people were the cruel spectacles of wild beasts tearing their fellow men in pieces. They went up with enthusiasm to celebrate the triumphal march of the chiefs who returned victorious from the wars;—we go up to our halls of learning to behold the sublime spectacle of the progress of knowledge among the people. They assembled in their temples to offer their idolatrous sacrifices and learn therefrom the decrees of the fates;—we lay superstition at the feet of reason and congregate in our temples to learn of that spiritual life which all are to live in the kingdom of the Eternal, and to inquire into the means of restoring the earth to its original Paradise. But we will not pursue this train longer. We have drawn this parallel for the purpose of illustrating our position, that man is progressive, and the present is far superior to the past. If Humanity has really advanced, we are bound to have faith in her capacity for still higher elevation.

It would be interesting in this connection, to inquire into our own origin and consider our ancestry. Perhaps the different stages of Progress are not so palpably marked in the history of any other people. As a people, we are of English descent,—though there has flowed in among us streams from nearly every nation of Europe. But who are the English? They draw their blood from Celtic, Danish, and Norman veins, and these again unite, to a greater or less extent, most of the tribes which, at different periods, swarmed from the Asiatic line, crossed the Ural and the Volga, and swept across the continent of Europe. Here, then, we have a glance at our ancestors. They were wandering hordes of barbarians who selected the tallest and bravest among them for chiefs, and followed them in pursuit of war and plunder as an imperious master—who lived in the wilds of nature without any of the enjoyments of civilized life and bowed down to idols of their own rude workmanship. They were, indeed, free from the luxuries and enervating influences of a corrupt civilization, and, therefore, preserved their savage hardihood. They were the scourge of degenerate nations. Nineteen hundred and

fifty years ago, the Cimbri and Teutones presented themselves upon the Alpine heights and surveyed the rich Italian fields which stretched far away to the south. The temptation was too great to be resisted. With a savage yell of anticipated triumph they plunged down into the vallies in such numbers as to carry consternation to the Roman Capital. Marius collected his legions, bid the barbarians stop their march, and return to their northern wilds. The valor and skill of the Romans proved too much for them, and with a loss of about 500,000 of their number they were glad to retire. Time passed, and Roman bravery and virtue yielded to effeminate pleasures and the vices of indolence. They were now prepared for the barbarian scourge. An Alaric, Attila, Theodoric, and Genseric led their hosts of iron men against them, and finally, the city of the seven hills was sacked and the empire destroyed. These savage men did not survey the works of art and the monuments of former greatness that filled the city without being impressed with the notion, that something more elevated than had before come within their experience, was destined for man. They profited by this lesson, and as soon as wild

commotion gave place to a more settled state, the barbarians threw off their rude garments, and stepped out into an advanced position. All the strife of the middle ages was but the struggling of the ascending principle.

Without dwelling upon this topic, we will merely refer to the different epochs of Progress that distinguish the history of Europe. These may be denominated the introduction of the feudal system, the revival of learning, the age of chivalry, the reformation, the abolition of the feudal system, the final triumph of the people over civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, and finally the discovery of America and the revolution of seventy-six. We need not examine these epochs minutely, for every reflecting person must admit that they, in connection with the ten thousand diversified forms in which mind has legitimately manifested itself, have been but the triumphs of the spirit of Progress. Man for almost six thousand years, has been struggling with ignorance and error; and though he has been dashed about on the billows of commotion, yet the storms have passed, and he now rides on a quiet sea with truth for a commander and mind at the helm. He is now on a prosperous voyage—he knows the

track direct, and is free from the adverse winds that have hitherto made him their sport.

Man has always advanced according to his means; consequently his progression has been slow. But he has constantly added to his acquisitions, and now he has all the elements of rapid advancement. He now begins to understand himself, and anticipate that brilliant period when harmony shall prevail among the nations,—when science and religion shall join hand in hand, and every son and daughter of man worship in their beautiful temple, enjoy their uplifting power and glowing felicities,—and when all evil shall be done away, and peace, plenty and happiness abound. This cheering condition the human family is destined to attain: but think not that here his progression will cease. No—an eternity of improvement is before him—the Universe is boundless and God is infinite. There is a spiritual life which will be given to man on earth, when he shall have solved the mysteries of his being and conformed himself to the laws of God. The world is overflowing with sources of improvement—life is a school in which they are applied to intellectual and spiritual development; the final

result of which will be, to bring our animal organizations under the complete dominion of the spirit, and open to the view of man the inappreciable glories of the upper world.

From the little that man has done we have no right to say what he cannot do. In Astronomy, he has already conceived the mighty plan of the Universe. In Chemistry, he has analyzed almost every compound in nature, and his researches almost extend to the philosophy of human life itself. In Geology, he has penetrated far into the earth, examined the treasures of thought that are embedded in the rocks, and caught a glimpse of the laws by which the Eternal fashioned the globe and covered it with organized beings. In Philosophy, he has nearly demonstrated the principles upon which all mankind can harmonize and be brought into the possession of all the means of dignified enjoyment. In Mechanics, he has covered the big waters with steamboats, traversed the land with railroads, and is mounting the lightning on the wire to enable people of distant cities to communicate together, as though they were conversing face to face.



But enough of this. Man has proved himself worthy the utmost confidence, and he must be unfortunate who limits his faith in the capacity of the mind for attaining the loftiest position of greatness and goodness.

2. Humanity is worthy of our faith, because the Eternal is the Father of us all, and created us for our own highest good. He has spread before us his works to call into action our intellectual and spiritual powers. He has ordained all things according to infinite Benevolence, and there is nothing he has made that does not contribute to our happiness when properly used. Can it be that the earth was strewed with such a bountiful profusion only to mock our miserable life? Interrogate the sun, the moon and the stars—the mountains, the plains and the valleys—the forests, the fruits and the flowers—and all the countless objects that fill the earth's variety, and what answer is received? Why dost thou shine by day, thou sun, and by night, ye stars? Why do ye luxuriantly grow, ye grain, and ye flowers, why do ye bloom? Why do ye sing, ye birds, and ye gurgling brooks, why do ye dance o'er your pebbly beds?—And O man! Why

your far reaching intellect, your affections, your sympathies, your emotions, and your aspiring soul? Why your thrill of pleasure, your rapture of delight, and your nice sense of the beautiful? Why your kindness, your friendship, and your enduring love? The answers of all these questions establish the excellency of human nature and typify that glorious state in which the weakest minds shall rise superior to the greatest that now distinguish the world. The reason of our low condition, is, man has abused himself and his privileges. Why has he wronged himself and misapplied his means? Because he has been, and still is, to a great extent, ignorant of the redeeming truths that must work out his salvation. We therefore wrong ourselves and blaspheme the Creator when we disparage our species, and feel no confidence in the regenerating power of the human mind. Let us exercise a living faith in both God and man and zealously promote every means of Progress. Now is the time for action—vigorous action. All things “stand prepared and await the light.” The storms have passed, the billows have subsided—let us weigh anchor, give the canvass to the favoring gales, and direct our

course to a brighter haven. Lo ! the passengers are crowding to the wharf, ready to embark in the good ship "Progress" soon as she is manned with a trusty crew. The passengers are coming from the ranks of the ignorant, the poor, the toil-worn and the oppressed ; let us make haste to provide the stores and receive them on board. We can place confidence in them, and be assured they will not be mutinous, for they have endured long enough the bitterness of error, destitution and woe, and are anxious to be landed in a more auspicious clime.

## DEATH.

FROM "ILLUSTRATIONS OF GEMS."

Death is beautifully represented in the GEM as a Winged Boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch, reversed, in his right hand.

WHAT is Death? 'Tis to be free !  
No more to love, or hope, or fear !  
To join the great Equality —  
All alike are humbled there.  
The mighty grave  
Wraps lord and slave ;  
Nor pride nor poverty dares come  
Within that refuge-house, the Tomb

Spirit with the drooping wing,  
And the ever-weeping eye,  
Thou, of all earth's kings, art king  
Empires at thy footstool lie ;  
Beneath thee strew'd  
Their multitude,  
Sink like waves upon the shore ;  
Storms shall never rouse them more.

What 's the grandeur of the earth  
To the grandeur round thy throne ?  
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
To thy kingdom all have gone !  
Before thee stand,  
The wond'rous band,

Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
Who darken'd nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one;  
Through thy gates the mortal flow  
Has for countless years roll'd on.  
Back from the tomb  
No step has come —  
There fix'd, till the last Thunder's sound  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.





Engraved by J. H. P.

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CHRIST IN THE STORM.

## CHRIST IN THE STORM.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN

A SHIP was on a troubled sea,  
In doubt and peril high —  
For the tempest's wing in majesty,  
Was spread o'er wave and sky.

Amidst the tumult raging there,  
As seas that ship o'erwhelm —  
Fear-stricken men awake with prayer  
The slumberer near the helm.

As round their Lord those wild forms prest,  
Methinks with reverent mien,  
They bent a moment o'er that rest,  
So holy and serene.

In mild rebuke, amidst that band  
Awhile stood He of Heaven,  
Ere those deep words of dread command  
Were to the tempest given.

Then said he to the wild winds, "Peace."  
And to the waves, "Be Still."  
And winds and waves their raging cease,  
Obedient to his will.

He spoke — and a deep fear like Death  
Convulsed each shrinking form ; —  
More fearful than the storm's dread breath,  
Seemed He, who quelled the storm !



Then gazed they on that lovely face,  
Where heaven's own beauty dwelt ;—  
And in that holy hour and place,  
In *spirit* to him knelt.

When angry billows round us roll,  
Upon life's troubled deep—  
How oft in agony of soul  
We cry, " Our Lord doth sleep !"

Christ sleep ? Ah, no ! our faith but sleeps ! —  
For when our souls are dark,  
How oft his spirit o'er us weeps, —  
How near is safety's ark.

•  
We yield to doubts, when doubts assail,  
Till Faith the seraph flies —  
We *will not know* how thin the veil  
Between us and the Skies !

## THE ANGEL CHILD.

BY MISS SARAH M'DONALD.

*Fairest things fade soonest!*

Mournful thought, yet true ;  
Gentle ones and holy  
Cheer not long our view ;  
Scarce we learn to love them,  
Ere bright angels come,  
Tenderly inviting  
Their pure spirits home ;  
Pleased, they list the summons  
To their *Fatherland*,  
Pleased, rejoin forever,  
The angelic band.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a silken cushion  
Lay a little child,  
Fair was she, and lovely,  
Pure and undefiled ;  
Through long curls and golden  
Gleamed her infant brow,  
As yon bright star gleameth  
Through its dim veil now ;  
Peaceful were her slumbers,  
On her lip a smile,  
As though *angel* voices  
Sang to her the while ;  
Sweetly *were* they singing,  
Singing of her home,  
Calling in low accents  
“ Sister, sister come.”

And the fair child's mother  
As she bent to pray  
God would keep most spotless  
Her bright gem away,  
Heard those heavenly voices  
Floating on the air;  
Heard them, and more fervent  
Grew her full heart's prayer:  
Nearer and still nearer  
Clustered the bright throng,  
Clearer and yet clearer  
Swelled their thrilling song!

"Thy task is ended! thy mission o'er!  
Our Father needeth thee here no more;  
Thy bright harp hangs on the starry wall,  
Awaiting, Sister, thy blest recall!

"Oh! hasten then, to thy Fatherland,  
Ere thy place is filled in the seraph band;  
Ere earthly hopes in thy heart are born,  
Ere wanes the light of thy spirit's morn!

"Ere fade the rays of thy native sky  
From life's dark path—ere its memories die,  
Return! for the souls that linger here,  
Lose the bright marks of a heavenly sphere!"

*Wept the earthly mother,*  
*But the angel child,*  
Heard those tones familiar,  
And more sweetly *smiled!*  
Through the dim night watches  
Peacefully it slept,  
While a tearful vigil  
The fond mother kept.

Morning dawned — more lovely  
     Seemed the infant's face,  
 Heaven's rays had lent it  
     A new light and grace !  
 Oh ! the mother's fingers  
     Trembled, as she drew  
 A small comb of ivory  
     Her child's ringlets through ;  
 Ay ! her fingers trembled,  
     And her heart beat wild,  
 At the thought of parting  
     From her *angel child* !  
 Fast and thick the tear-drops  
     Gathered in her eye ;  
 Wherefore must her idol  
     Leave her for the sky ?  
 Wherefore must the blossom  
     When 'tis fairest, fade ?  
 Wherefore sunlight ever  
     Mingled be with shade ?  
 Wherefore kindred spirits,  
     Meet here but to part ?  
 Wherefore ? ah ! thus question-  
     Many a grieving heart !  
*Wherefore ?* Lo ! an answer  
     From the land above !  
 " Mourning soul, remember  
     That thy God is Love !"   
 Love — Oh ! blest revealing  
     Love hath cull'd the flower  
 Love our path hath parted,  
     Love hath sent the shower

Paler grew that infant,  
     Paler, day by day ;  
 On its mother's bosom,  
     Peacefully it lay ;

Calmer grew that mother,  
Calmer, each sad hour,  
That she watched the fading  
Of her spotless flower ;  
For the white-robed angels,  
Morn and eve were near,  
Chanting to her spirit,  
Of its native sphere ;  
Soft their songs and thrilling  
As the summer breeze,  
When it waketh music  
From the forest trees.  
The green trees — and blossom'd —  
Lovely were they all  
When the child first listened  
To the Angels' call ;  
Faded now, and leafless,  
Clothed in robes of white,  
Spirits seem they, pointing  
To the land of light.

Hark ! a gentle rustling,  
As of angel-wings,  
While a light more brilliant,  
Than the *sunset* brings,  
Streameth through the casements  
Of the mother's room,  
Kindling a bright lustre  
Where but now was gloom ;  
Round the heavenly infant  
Gathers the fair throng,  
That each noon and even,  
Chant there a low song ;  
Lovingly their pinions  
Fan the pallid brow ;  
Tenderly they whisper,  
“ *Now*, oh ! loved one, *now* ” !

Heareth she their accents,  
And her blue eyes close,  
Gently, as the violet's  
To a night's repose ;  
Heareth them, and gladly  
Yieldeth up her breath ;  
Sweetly now she sleepeth  
In the arms of *Death* —  
*Death*, the fairest, brightest  
Of the seraph band,  
That recall pure spirits  
To their *Fatherland* !

Weepeth the fond mother,  
Weepeth, yet the while,  
On her mournful features,  
Plays a *holy smile* ;  
For her heart is thankful,  
And her sorrow mild,  
Though her soul *hath* parted  
From her *angel child* ;  
Ay ! her heart is *thankful*,  
That to *her* is given,  
Gift the richest, purest,  
*A fair child in Heaven* !

Greenbush, N. Y., ———.

1778;  
OR A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT IN  
KASKASKIA.

BY J. M. PECK.

At the period our sketch commences, the villages of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Prairie du Pont, St. Phillips, (including Fort Chartres,) and the scattered settlements on the western border of Illinois, were under British domination and made a part of Canada.

Vincennes, commonly called *Au Poste*, and the territory along the Wabash river, sustained the same relation.

The western side of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, including West Florida and Texas, had been ceded by France to Spain, at the same time Canada and the Illinois country came under the dominion of Great Britain.

For nearly a century, Kaskaskia had been the civil and commercial capital of this remote and isolated French colony, while Fort Chartres was

the seat of military power over the Indian tribes and the mines of the country.

At the time referred to, Kaskaskia contained about 250 families, with the fragment of a military garrison of some 20 English soldiers, under the direction of M. Rocheblave, a French citizen, and who also occupied the civil post of *Commandant*.

The village of Kaskaskia, called in the old French records "*Notre Dame de Cascasquias*," is beautifully situated on the right bank of the river, the name of which it bears, about six miles above the junction, and three miles from the Mississippi, from which it is separated by an alluvial tract of heavy forest, forming the tongue of land between the two rivers. The site of the town is on an alluvial plain of deep, rich soil. The river is 120 yards wide, with a deep and scarcely perceptible current. On the opposite, or eastern shore are high, romantic bluffs, broken into various fantastic shapes, and covered with scattering timber and shrubbery, concealing entirely from the view of the town the back country, then an unbroken wilderness. On this range of bluffs stood a fort, but then unoccupied with troops, so little apprehension was entertained of an invasion. The militia,



almost wholly French citizens, were relied on by the British authorities to defend the place. These remote posts were so far from the theatre of war that an assault was scarcely probable.

The houses of the villagers were generally about one story, and those of the better class were surrounded with piazzas. These were mostly constructed of rough hewn timbers, placed perpendicular, and the interstices filled with cement. Both inside and out were neatly whitewashed. Each family had a large garden, enclosed with palisadoes and filled with fruits and flowers.

It is curious to reflect upon the situation and habits of these colonists. They were a unique class, a mixture of *petits paysans*, and *courieurs du bois*, mild, vivacious, full of gaiety, yet quiet, inoffensive, frugal and unenterprising. Their ancestors were isolated from the rest of the world, living a thousand miles from the civilization of the Atlantic colonies, from which they were separated by insurmountable barriers, and with whom they never held intercourse. Their own countrymen had "posts" through the Western Valley, but too distant for frequent intercourse. With no object of excitement or ambition, their descendants

cared little for the accumulation of wealth, and were accustomed to cultivate their *arpents* in the "common field," in the rude, simple way of their fathers, smoke their pipes, hunt, make voyages in their *batteaux* or *canoes* and traffic with the Indians.

With the latter they lived in amity, and, not unfrequently, after a two or three years' absence, the Frenchman would return from a hunting or trapping excursion up the great rivers of the west, with a companion of that race, whom he had taken "for better, for worse."

Kaskaskia was the resort of the "red skins" for trade. Their furs and peltry were bartered for beads, cloths, guns, ammunition, knives and tomahawks. The hostile savages, in their scalping excursions to the settlements of Kentucky, obtained their outfit and encouragement in the predatory warfare carried on against the Americans, at these "postes;" encouraged as they were, by the British officers and traders. Lieut. Governor Hamilton, at Vincennes, was justly denominated the "hair-buying General," as scalps were purchased at a premium. The most opulent merchant at Kaskaskia, and who was suspected of

furnishing supplies to the Indians, was M. Cerè, and he was hostile to the American cause. In justice it should be said that no Frenchman ever purchased scalps. This honor belongs exclusively to the subjects of Great-Britain.

Most of the French population knew little and felt less interest in the war that raged between Great Britain and the Colonies. They had been transferred from one political master to another, a few years previous, without their knowledge or consent, but of course still retained their predilections for the "Grand Monarque." M. Cerè, M. Rocheblave, and a few others had been secured to the British interests.

The people of New England and New-York were obscurely known in this region, under the name of *Bostoni*, while those of Virginia and the new settlements of Kentucky, obtained the appellation of *Big Knives*. As a measure of policy, the British officers and agents were successful in producing in the minds of the simple-hearted villagers the most alarming and horrible impressions of the "Big Knives," as the most ferocious, barbarous, and blood-thirsty of men; that they would kill both sexes and all ages indiscriminately

wherever they obtained a conquest;—and were more savage and brutal than the worst of Indians.

Still the people could have no present apprehensions, for even should the “Big Knives” have the desperation to penetrate the wilderness, 300 miles in advance of their most frontier outposts, the Indian scouts and hunters, ever on the watch, would give seasonable alarm, and their forts and militia could make ample defence.

The unsuspecting inhabitants of Kaskaskia smoked their pipes, and fiddled, danced and frolicked on as usual. On Sabbath mornings, all attended church, where Father Gibault said mass, heard confessions, gave absolutions, sprinkled the holy water, made his customary pastoral address, and pronounced the apostolical benediction; whereupon the old people resorted to their pipes and *noyau*, and the youngsters to the fiddle and ball-room.

Such was the routine of life in the ancient village of Kaskaskia, up to the *Fourth of July*, 1778. The sound of INDEPENDENCE and the voice of freedom had never been heard on the prairies of Illinois, nor its echo over the bluffs of the Kaskaskia. On the morning of the “Fourth,”

the sun rose bright, and the atmosphere soon gave signs of an intensely hot day. The wheat harvest stood in "shocks" in the field, the corn had been "laid by," and the time for cutting the prairie grass for winter fodder would not arrive till September. It was a season of idleness and listlessness. The hum of the village school had ceased, for it was mid-summer. The families in front of their houses, were reposing in the shade of the catalpas and locusts. No one seemed disposed to stir abroad.

On that day, at the setting of the sun, there lay encamped in a ravine covered with a dense brushwood, in the rear of the bluffs that overhang the Kaskaskia, and not three-fourths of a mile from the village, about two hundred hardy, sun-burnt, rough looking men, with their clothes soiled and torn, and their beards of three weeks' growth. They were dressed in hunting-shirts and Indian leggings, and armed with rifles and tomahawks. Each man had a large knife in a sheath which was fastened to a belt buckled around his body. No words were interchanged by the party above a whisper. Every eye was open and glancing in each direction through the thicket. At the first

view, a stranger could not have distinguished them from the natives of the forest in an ambuscade, nor could he have readily discovered which of the ragged group was commander, or who were his subalterns. On more close observation, it might be seen that a tall athletic personage, with a high, intellectual forehead, and a piercing eye, denoting great energy of character and singular penetration, bore marks of a superior station, though nothing in his soiled and torn dress indicated any thing different from his companions. This was the gallant GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, with his intrepid band of followers, then on a secret expedition for the conquest of Illinois.

Col. Clark had obtained authority and supplies from the House of Burgesses of Virginia to raise troops to defend Kentucky, then constantly harassed with Indian assaults ; but in his far reaching discernment had perceived that the supplies in this savage warfare came from the British posts on the Wabash and Mississippi. Hence he obtained, secretly, the written approbation of Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, and three members of his Privy Council, Thomas Jefferson, George Wythe and George Mason, to attack these

western remote British posts. By indefatigable efforts he raised four companies of troops, started from Bear Grass Creek, (now Louisville,) passed down the Ohio to Fort Massac in boats, and crossed the country of Illinois, through swamps, woods and prairies, with such celerity and secrecy as to elude the Indian scouts and French hunters, and now lay concealed, unknown and undiscovered by the listless and contented inhabitants of Kaskaskia.

Boats having been secured immediately after dark, two divisions of this heroic band crossed the river and entered the town at opposite points, while Clark with a third party took possession of the Fort on the bluff.

The assailants entered the village with the most terrific yells, and demanded an instant and unconditional surrender. Never were a people more surprised and panic-struck than the people of Kaskaskia. Men and women screamed "*Les Grands Couteaux !—Les Grands Couteaux !*"—the Big Knives!—the Big Knives!—and rushed into their dwellings in hopeless despair. Before nine o'clock the British Lion was "*couchant*," and the flag of the confederated Colonies waved over the prairies of Illinois. Bloodless, indeed,

was the victory;—not a gun was fired,—not a drop of blood spilt! M. Rocheblave, the commandant, was taken prisoner in his chamber; but many of his public papers and documents were admirably concealed or destroyed by his wife. From this night we date the INDEPENDENCE OF ILLINOIS.

M. Cerè had left the place for St Louis, on his way to Quebec, but Clark, resolved to secure him to the American interests, took possession of his property and merchandize, to be delivered up on his submission to the new government. The inhabitants were forbid to leave their houses after sunset, or the village, on pain of being shot. All intercourse with each other and with the invaders was strictly prohibited. This was a *ruse* of Clark, in order to confirm the worst suspicions the British had instilled into their minds, and then, by undeceiving them, produce a revulsion of feelings, and gain their entire confidence. In this he was completely successful. Perceiving some of the citizens engaged in conversation, he ordered some of the officers to be put in irons, without assigning a single reason, or permitting a word of defence. This singular act on the part of the conqueror was



not a mere wanton display of despotic power. Col. Clark was not cruel, and his views of liberty and the rights of man were high toned. It was the course of policy he had marked out to gain his end.

After some days of the most agonizing suspense, M. Gibault the parish priest, with five or six elderly gentlemen, got permission to wait on their conqueror, and present an humble petition. The purport was to beg, as a great favor, the inhabitants of Kaskaskia might have permission to meet in the parish church, offer prayers to God for their souls, receive the consolations of religion, and bid each other farewell before they were all massacred. This was presented by the priest and elders in the most submissive tones and posture. Clark replied with apparent indifference, that the Americans did not care about the religion of other people, but left every man to worship God as he pleased; that they might go to church if they wished, but on no account to leave the town, nor be out of their dwellings after sunset.

The whole population assembled in the church as for the last time, mournfully chanted their prayers, and bid each other farewell, expecting

never to meet again on earth ! But so much did they regard this as a favor, and so highly did they appreciate the mercy of their conqueror in this act, that priest Gibault and the deputation returned from the church to the lodgings of Col. Clark, and, in the name of the people expressed thanks for the favor they had received. They then begged to address their conqueror upon their separation and their lives. They claimed not to know the nature of the contest between Great-Britain and the Colonies. What they had done had been in subjection to the British Commanders, whom they were constrained to obey. They were willing to submit to the loss of all their property, as the fate of war, but humbly begged for their lives, and that their families might not be separated, but that clothing and provisions from their own stores might be allowed them, barely sufficient for their present necessities, and until they could reach Canada.

Col. Clark had reached the point at which he wished to arrive. He saw their fears were excited to the highest pitch, and he abruptly addressed them thus :

“Who do you take us to be? Do you think  
“we are savages—that we intend to massacre  
“you all! Do you think Americans—the sons  
“of freedom—will strip women and children of  
“their clothing, and take the bread out of their  
“mouths? My countrymen,” said the gallant  
Colonel, “never make war upon the innocent!  
“It was to protect our own wives and children  
“from the tomahawk and scalping-knife that we  
“have penetrated this wilderness, to subdue these  
“British posts, from whence the savages are sup-  
“plied with arms and ammunition to murder our  
“people. The King of France, your former mas-  
“ter, is our ally. His ships and soldiers are fight-  
“ing for the Americans. The French are our  
“firm friends. Go, and enjoy your religion, and  
“worship when and how you please. Retain  
“your property—not an article of provision for  
“my troops shall be taken without pay. And  
“now, please inform all your citizens from me,  
“that they are quite at liberty to conduct them-  
“selves as usual, and to dismiss all apprehensions  
“of alarm;—we are your friends, and have come  
“to deliver you from the British power, and make  
“you a free people.”

This speech produced a revulsion of feelings better imagined than described. The news soon spread throughout the village; the church bell rang a merry peal; the priest, with the people, again assembled in the church; *Te Deum* was loudly sung; bonfires were kindled, pipes were smoked, *noyeau* was drank, every fiddle played, and the most uproarious joy prevailed throughout the night. All now cheerfully acknowledged Col. Clark as the commandant of the country.

Soon after, through the aid of Father Gibault and other citizens, the British flag at Fort Chartres, Cahokia, Post Vincent, and other stations, was pulled down, and the country of the Prairies became the Land of Freemen.

Such was the observance of the first Fourth of July in the country of Illinois.

## SONG.

BY THE HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Lady ! all loveliest things that impart  
Joy unto me,  
Ev'ry emotion that touches my heart,  
Turns it to thee.

Tales of devoted affection that prove  
What we may be,  
Records of beauty and legends of love,  
Speak still of thee.

Ev'ry rich fragrance the summer winds bring  
From shrub or tree,  
Perfume of flow'rs and the sweet breath of spring,  
All breathe of thee.

Day's sunny splendor, the glories of night,  
Earth, sky and sea,  
All that is beautiful, all that is bright,  
Whispers of thee.

Washington City, May, 1846.





Figure 1. Native American.

PLATE 1.

## ETIWANDO—A BALLAD.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

## I.

Down in the darkful vale of death, forgotten years gone by,  
 Ah! who into that secret womb, in memory will fly?  
 Back to forgotten memory, a hundred years ago,  
 A hundred years ago, or more, thy legends now to show?  
 A hundred years ago, or more, in Silent Solitude  
 By Etiwando's raging flood, young Etiwando stood!  
 Disdain was in his swelling heart, as flashed the meteor o'er,  
 His dark black eyes, in liquid fire, a strong resemblance bore!

## II.

All motionless as rock he stood, as firm as granite stone,  
 By Etiwando's silent tide, in silence all alone;  
 His bosom heaving as the tide of Etiwando's flood,  
 His forehead swollen by the veins, big with revengeful blood;  
 His dark eyes quivered with a light,—oh God! how strangely  
 fix'd  
 They were on time,—on space, and seemed as with a devil  
 mix'd;—  
 As motionless he stood and gazed, upon the rising day,  
 And seem to speak, and did not speak, but yet his heart did  
 say:

## III.

“Ho! mandates of the living God, how tyrants little reck!—  
 Ho! mandates of an earthly king, how galling to the neck!—  
 How much of evil and of good together here are mix'd,



How much of evil here we find with good to it affix'd !  
 Now, by the healing blood of Christ, will Etiwando swear,  
 God help him now to keep the vow, — no tyrant now shall  
     wear,  
 A kingly crown within this land, my native land of bliss,  
 Nor kingly crown, nor purple robe within a land like this.

## IV.

“ Ho ! Carolina’s Huguenots ! in chivalry advance,  
 Through valleys fair and meadows green, as sunny fields of  
     France !  
 Ho ! every one that has this blood a-flowing in each vein,  
 Arouse ye for your altars’ sake, arouse ye for the slain !  
 Ho ! Carolina’s Huguenots ! the chivalry of France,  
 The enemy is at your doors ! upon them now advance, —  
 Ah ! don’t you hear the revelry — ah ! don’t you hear the din  
 Of drums a-beating, roaring now, and now the culverin ?

## V.

“ The dew is on the valley green, the valley deep and still,  
 The mist is on the mountain height, the echo on the hill, —  
 The mist is on the mountain height, and don’t you see it there,  
 A-parting like a fleecy cloud, a-floating on the air ; —  
 A-parting like a fleecy cloud, that hangs upon the night  
 When Luna rises from her sleep above the mountain height ?  
 Oh ! what is that between the clouds ? ah ! don’t you see it  
     now ?  
 ’Tis Freedom in her robes o’ light, the laurel round her brow ! ”

## VI.

As Etiwando ceased, three times the Eagle flap’d her wings,  
 The echo travels o’er the earth, the earth a pæan sings ! —  
 “ Arouse ye for your country’s sake, to-day a man has birth,  
 A man has birth, whose glory now will cover all the earth !  
 All glory to the mighty God, Jehovah, King of kings,  
 But shame unto all earthly kings, these mighty little things !

Hosannahs to the name of Christ, hosannahs' loud acclaim,  
And glory to old Marion, be honor on his name."

## VII.

In council as a prophet, seer, young Etiwando stood,  
None deemed less divine than man, some thought quite a god !  
In councils wise, in battles brave, his countrymen did say,  
That none did more of honor hold, save Marion, in his day.  
The bugle by his side he held, and blew a single blast,  
The wild note hurried as a storm, through all the country fast ;  
From mountains up to mountain tops, through valleys to each  
glen,  
The wild note hurried, piercing through, the bleeding hearts  
of men.

## VIII.

From mountains and Savannahs too, from hills and rivers'  
side,  
From caverns in the mountain-rocks, to valleys green and  
wide,  
In thick array the squadrons come, each heart as true as steel,  
In thick array they come as hosts, in vigor and in zeal ;—  
Each valley sent its legion out, each valley and each glen,  
And on each mountain side was seen, the marshall'd ranks of  
men, —  
The marshalled ranks of men appear, a-coming east and west,  
And from the north and south they come, at Marion's high  
behest.

## IX.

It was on holy Christmas eve, the moon was shining bright,  
And on old Etiwando shed a flood of ivory light ;  
The sentinel was heard at post, a-pacing to and fro, —  
The wind was cold and shivering, along the crisped snow ;  
He heard a footstep, heard it long, a footstep coming fast,  
A footstep heard upon the snow, above the roaring blast ;—

A horseman comes, approaches, stops, — a gallant youth most fair,  
Dismounts his jaded steed, and cries, “my father sent me here.”

## X.

“My father lives on Pedee, back some hundred miles away,  
And started me on fleetest horse, at noon on yesterday;—  
On fleetest horse he started me, a swift and noble steed,  
A coal-black charger, black as coal, of mettle and of speed;  
And with his latest breath he said, at noon on yesterday,  
With whip and spur go on, go on, nor linger by the way, —  
Nor have I lingered by the way, a moment for to rest,  
Nor have I been in any house, the poor or rich man’s guest.”

## XI.

“Go, go, my son, again, he said, and Marion you must see,  
And tell him that the Tories here are mustering bold and free;  
Their leader is a Captain Tynes, I think he knows him well,  
Three hundred stout and hardy lads the General you must tell,  
Are mustering under Captain Tynes, a Tory stout and brave,  
And he will come with lance and sword, the country for to  
save,  
No more my father said, no more, — my father said no more,  
And we can reach the Tory camp in hours twenty-four.”

## XII.

“In hours twenty-four he said, if you will let me guide,  
I’ll guide you to the Tory camp, come, come and let us ride.”  
The words were scarcely spoken out, the words of that brave  
youth,  
Ere every heart inspired seems, encouraged by its truth.  
The mountain torrent in its gush, the torrent in its flow,  
The mountain torrent in its rush, a-headlong it will go, —  
Thus like the torrent swift and strong, a deluge sweeping by,  
Is the deep spirit in its wrongs, the soul must do or die.

## XIII.

On, on they dash, through mud and mire, a bold and fearless  
clan,

On, on they dash, through bog and fen, with Marion in the  
van!

McDonald bold and reckless too, by gallant Marion rode,  
And James, the fiery James was there, and gallant young  
McCord,

On, on they dash the lowlands through, the marsh, the bog  
the fen,

A gallant band as e'er was seen, of fearless marshall'd men;  
The night grew late, and still was heard, the sound of horses'  
tramp,

As waving with the night-winds played, the plume of Melli-  
champe.

## XIV.

Ho! Carolina's Huguenots! rejected sons of France,

On Briton and on Hessian too, in chivalry advance!

Ho! for your altars and your hearths!—arouse, the thought  
inspires!

Arouse ye, for your altars' sakes, your mothers and your sires!

Ho! Carolina's Huguenots! the battle is begun,

If lost to give thee Slavery, or Freedom if 'tis won!

Arouse ye for your country's sake! and he who falters first,

A traitor to his country he, his name fore'er accurst.

## XV.

No traitor's heart is in the camp, for Marion's men are brave!

Hurrah! for Marion and his men impetuous as the wave!

McDonald bold, and who so bold, and bold McDonald now,

When stands in proud array around, a bleeding country's foe?

Hurrah! for Marion and his men! they are a dauntless band!

Reared up by Freedom in her strength, to fortify the land!

Hurrah! as breaks upon the ear, the iron-hoofed tramp,

In front is seen the waving plume of daring Mellichampe.

## XVI.

'Tis now the second watch of night, and dreamily the moon,  
A great misshapen mass of light, is towering past her noon,  
'Tis now the second watch of night, a night that closes in,  
The beating heart of many a one, of sorrow and of sin !  
The Tory-camp is now in sight — Hurrah for Marion's men !  
Hurrah ! the Huguenots have conquered the Tories on the fen !  
The blood is sprinkled on the snow, the blood is flowing round,  
And pattering on the crisped snow, as rain drops on the ground.

## XVII.

Along that long extended coast of Carolina's main,  
The heart of many a mother grieves for sons untimely slain !  
Young Etiwando, prophet, seer, young Etiwando stood,  
A spirit quenchless in its fire, a spirit brooding good !  
The Sachem of a perished race, he stood the white man's  
friend,  
And blest the cause of Liberty, of Freedom to the end !  
In Freedom's cause, on Eutaw's plains, how gloriously he fell,  
The annals of his country point, and will forever tell !

Jackson, Tennessee, ——.

## MY STILL-BORN BABE.

BY FRANCES H. W. GREEN.

UNFOLDED Bud of Life, oh, can it be  
This lovely form is *all there is* of thee?  
Lingered no sister-essence in the air  
To light and glorify a shrine so fair?  
Ah! was the soul crushed in that dire embrace,  
When Birth and Death were gathered face to face?

A Spirit hovered near thee to invest  
The spotless chamber of thy little breast,  
Until the leaden-winged Death-Angel came,  
To smother, ere it burned, the young life-flame,  
Then gathered up its pinions soft and free  
For the fresh dawn of its eternity!

O, then, I am *not* childless. Thou art gone  
Where angel-nurses bear thee. Thy first morn  
Broke fair in Heaven;—this yearning heart shall find  
thee,  
And to itself, only the closer bind thee  
For such brief separation. Go, my child,  
From this bleak Earth where thou hast never smiled.

The sweet maternal office yet is mine—  
The human all engrossed in the divine;  
By the clear wells of Truth my hand shall lead thee,  
And from the fount of Living Goodness feed thee;—  
Through all the Courts of Heaven my ear shall greet  
The bounding music of thy little feet.

These mute lips ne'er shall utter baby moans ;  
But purest gladness breathed in dulcet tones,  
Shall first awake their sweetness. Love shall teach  
To thee the music of an angel's speech —  
When from this curving mouth sweet words shall part  
With a deep blessing for thy mother's heart.

Then shall I seek through all those grottoes fair  
Rich "Gems of Life" to crown thy flaxen hair ;  
And all the beauty of these soft blue eyes,  
That woke not here, shall brighten Paradise —  
Till in their peerless depths my Soul shall see  
A picture of our love's eternity.

I give to thee a name I love the best,  
Before they lay thee in thy place of rest ;  
For thou to me an actual Being art,  
Dear undeveloped Blossom of my Heart !  
Where angels breathe — in Heaven's mild atmosphere —  
Thy petals shall expand — but never here.

Once more in these bereav-ed arms I hold thee —  
Once more to this lone bosom I enfold thee —  
My First-Born, and my Precious ! for I know  
The time has come when even *this* must go ; —  
Yet tell me not my clinging hope is vain ! —  
Dear little Mary, we shall meet again !

I am denied *one* living, warm caress ;  
Yet these cold lineaments have power to bless,  
When lit with such sweet hope — such joy divine —  
To think thou wert — thou art — forever mine !  
But for a season I release thy hand —  
I will not keep thee from the Spirit-Land.

Where still for us new paths of light shall ope,  
Fair daughter of my promise and my hope !  
No barriers to our progress shall be found  
Scattered abroad o'er all that heavenly ground ;  
But buds of joy shall crown the chastening rod  
With life as deep — as infinite — as God.



## IMPOTENCE OF MAN.

BY W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

There is a strong tendency in human nature to trust to an arm of flesh ; but when that trust is ultimate, the event always reveals the fact that it is misplaced. There are many cases in which our fellow men have the ability to assist us, when they lack the disposition : we may be poor, and they may refuse to give us of their abundance : we may be ignorant of what involves our important interests, and they may withhold from us the knowledge which they possess : we may be struggling under the weight of some unexpected embarrassment, and though they may be perfectly competent to relieve us, they may not lift a hand in our favor. But there are many other cases in which our friends may do their best, and still the evil that presses upon us will continue, and perhaps grow more oppressive and appalling. Who does not remember the story of the imprisonment of Lafayette ? That illustrious man, in the course

of events, was, for years, locked up in a dungeon in the heart of Europe ; and, for a long time, his friends were utterly uncertain in respect to his destiny, and all their diligent researches still left them in the dark concerning it ; but at length the fact of his confinement and the place of his confinement were discovered ; and then there were ten thousand hearts all over the world beating to the hope of his deliverance ; the greatest man of the age lent his influence to effect it ; and there were some so desperately heroic as to attempt it, though, as it proved, at the expense of sharing with him in the horrors of the dungeon. But notwithstanding the strong wishes, and the fervent prayers, and the vigorous efforts, which were drawn forth in his behalf—notwithstanding all—absolutely all was done for him that could be, through the influence of his friends, still he remained for a long time, shut out from communion with his own kindred, and from the light of day, and from every thing which was not necessary to protract the horrors of his confinement. Never was the power of an arm of flesh better tested than on that occasion ; and the result was that the illustrious sufferer went on to suffer, till God

in his wise providence most graciously interposed for his deliverance.

Do you say that this is an extraordinary case? Then let me point you to one of every day's occurrence;—one which, I have no doubt your own eyes have often witnessed, and at which your own heart has as often bled—the case of a mother hanging in agony over the death bed of her child. You see the little object has the impress of death already upon its countenance. The eye may not be absolutely fixed, but it rolls about with that death-like stare which the parent who has once witnessed it, never forgets. The lips grow livid, the pulse gradually falters, and the little hands are clenched in the last convulsion. Come to this death bed, all ye who have power to soothe and power to heal, and see what you can do to give back this dying child to the embrace of its mother. Ah, every thing has been tried that *man* could do, but because God's blessing has not been in it, nothing has been availing. That mother has wept, and watched, and prayed, and agonized in vain. Those brethren and sisters, too, have been upon the alert to do what they could for the beloved child, but in vain. And the physician has

been there night and day, and has exhausted his skill ; and other physicians have come and exhausted theirs ; and after all, that mother's heart must be rent and broken by the disruption of a tie which a mother only knows. Oh, if she be a *Christian* mother, will she not retire to her closet after the breath is gone, and the eyes are closed, and kneel down before God and say, "Man is altogether vanity, but thou art all in all" ?

But there are *moral* wants, too, which man is equally impotent to meet, and which it is still more important *should* be supplied—I mean the wants of the immortal spirit. Take for instance, the case of the sinner, whose conscience is forcing him to look inward upon himself and forward to the awful future. Man may tell him that he is going mad ; but his conscience denies the charge. Man may tell him that he has nothing to fear ; but his conscience keeps speaking to him in accents of terror. Man may prescribe for his anxiety some remedy of his own devising ; but his conscience writes "vanity" upon it, because it leaves the soul in all the darkness and tumult of its own guilty passions. And never—no, never, until God takes the case into

his own hands, is the heart cured of its rebellion, and the conscience calmed into peace.

I ask now, in view of the impotence of man, who will dare to trust him? He will not indeed always help you when he can; but often he may do his utmost for you and you are a sufferer still. Man cannot keep alive that beloved object to which your heart clings with such endearing fondness. Man can originate nothing that will soothe the anguish which you feel when you hear the lids of the coffin closing upon your nearest friend. Man can furnish no antidote against the terrors of a guilty conscience, nor do any thing by his own wisdom to bring peace to the soul in which despair has already found a dwelling. In short there is not one of all the great exigences of human existence which he is able to meet. Say then whether he shall be the object of your supreme and ultimate confidence.

## MYRTLE CREEK.\*

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

A GENTLE stream — unknown to song,  
Yet Beauty is its dower ;  
It floweth through the meadows green,  
Where many a fragrant flower  
Bends over it, with loving eye,  
In the still, noon-tide hour.

A crystal stream whose waters flash  
In morning's golden ray ;  
Now dancing like a frolic child,  
Then stealing slow away,  
As if amid these sylvan scenes,  
They fain would longer stay.

It windeth through a quiet vale ;  
It turns a rustic mill ;  
On either side are harvest-fields ;  
Above, a wood crowned hill ;  
While near, is seen a graceful spire,  
A hamlet, fair and still.

In morning hour, or noontide ray,  
In the soft twilight gleam,  
Steals gently on the list'ning ear,  
The murmur of that stream ;  
Blent oft with leaf-notes from its banks,  
Like music of a dream.

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\* A beautiful stream in Spencertown, N. Y., on whose banks were celebrated the Fourth of July, 1845.

Beneath its spreading sycamores,  
    Within a fairy glade,  
Upon our Country's natal-day  
    Glad offerings were paid ;  
They came—the happy and the free,  
    There none might make afraid.

They came—the shepherd and his flock .  
    To bless the gracious Hand  
That led our fathers all the way, —  
    A brave, united band, —  
To seek his blessing, evermore,  
    For our loved, native land.

## THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.

FAR did the Eagle fly,  
And would not rest, till his pinions prest,  
The glad free air of the glorious West,  
Beneath *our* sunny sky.

And a joyous strain rang out,  
To greet the bird, as he stayed his flight,  
In the land where men with fervent might,  
Had sounded Freedom's shout.

O'er many lands he passed,  
Where the famished ones in woe bent down  
'Neath the rigid sway of the lordly crown —  
And curses muttered fast.

Where Mind was bought and sold  
And the kindly spirit, affection's call,  
All the heart's yearnings, were yielded — all —  
To the idol love of Gold.

And with a tireless wing,  
Had he passed o'er all and found no rest;  
Till he reached *our* home in the far bright West,  
On his weary journeying.

And here he resteth now,  
The Liberty-Bird; — as when first he came,  
And flung 'mid War's dun smoke and flame,  
His shadow on Freedom's brow.



And now in might we stand,  
'Mid nations first in wealth and power;  
And richly prizing our lofty dower, —  
We yield but at God's command.

Yet there lieth one dark stain,  
On the land where Tyranny found a grave, —  
For *there* ringeth the cry of the weary slave,  
And we have not rent *his* chain.

Let us pray with bended knee,  
That the iron links may be snapt in twain,  
That our brothers may quickly break the chain,  
And set the wronged slave free.

MARGARET.

Albany, 1846.

## THE UNSTORIED DEAD.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Mounds there are, in many parts of the great West, of which not even the Indian has a legend;—Sepulchres of a race that have passed away, forever.

YE silent dead! dust of long ages past!  
What wondrous secrets with your burial lie!  
What strange, deep feelings do ye o'er me cast,  
As here I gaze and see how nations die  
And pass away like men—what thoughts can vie,  
In awful dread, with such as these,—to know  
That we with all our boast, our aspirations high,  
May yet become as nothing; ay, may go  
Down to the field of death, as ye went, long ago!

Who, and what were ye? when to being sprung?  
“Ope your dumb mouths”—reveal the mystic tale!  
Let every bone here crumbling find a tongue,  
And speak the truth, though glowing cheeks should pale  
To hear the story! What does it avail?  
In vain I call;—deep, dark, mysterious dread,  
O'erhangs them;—not a sound—a trace—a trail,—  
All gone—save echo, answering to my tread,  
In hollow voice, from these old mansions of the dead.

Oh! 'tis a solemn—ay, an awful thing—  
To stand and contemplate some lonely grave—  
Know that beneath us lies what once did spring  
With thought, and action, and perchance, that gave

Thought unto others; and made wise and brave,  
And good men better; but, withal, the gloom  
Is trebly deepened, when we know the wave  
Of Lethe—in its deadly course—to doom  
Has sunk a people, and we tread that nation's tomb!

And musing here, back to the voiceless past  
My thoughts do wander, on bright fancy's wing,—  
And I do people, from that mighty vast,  
The scene around me; and again I bring,  
In full fruition, all that once did ring  
With sounds of life—as in those days of yore;  
And I do see the glance, the dance, the spring,  
Which chieftains, warriors, in their battles bore,—  
With thousand other scenes, which pass my ken before.

Yet nought avails it—'tis but fancy's flight—  
The dreaming of a moment, which is gone—  
Sudden as is the vivid lightning's light,  
When on the darkness its red course is drawn—  
And all is night again;—again the dawn,  
Of other race, breaks on my mental view;  
Young, swift and agile, as the bounding fawn,  
A hardy forest band, of tawny hue,  
Borne on the flight of time, a destiny pursue.

And what that destiny? to live, to act,  
For a brief period on the stage of time—  
As those before, the same great scene enact  
From youth to manhood—may-be till the rime  
Of age is on them;—like them, to the chime  
Of many sounds, that floated on the air,  
Go softly out, and be, for aye, no more—  
While still another race, in this same clime,  
Shall point where these have been, perchance, too, o'er  
Their bones shall dance, and sing, and gayest music pour.

And must such doom be ours? Great God! the thought  
Sends icy chills upon the lips of mirth;—  
As from the dead, it comes sepulchral fraught:  
Shall we, a nation, mighty on the earth—  
Who give to Poets, Statesmen, Warriors, birth—  
Unto this final end—as Rome and Greece,  
And Carthage have been—e'er be brought?—and  
dearth,  
And desolation, and that link with these,  
Be where we were, when all that was of us shall cease?

But the great book, wherein of future state  
Unchangeable is written, with the pen  
Of HIM who spake, and by a mighty fate  
Worlds sprang to being—is to mortal ken  
Forbid. We may not know or where, or when,  
Our chain of life, of joys, and ills, will end;  
We only know we are; believe again—  
Time passed—we live in the Beyond; and tend  
On to that silent bourne, where all with dust must blend.

Creation has her order, Nature, laws—  
And all must yield subservient to the whole;  
We may not seek, or, seeking, know the cause  
Why we exist, with life, and sense, and soul:  
Enough, that He who bade the planets roll,  
Has wisely ordered—and, with firm decree,  
Fixed each and all in place—with bound and goal—  
Plan'd out which was, and is, and is to be,  
For Earth, Man, Time—for Heaven and Eternity!

Cincinnati, O., 1846.

## NARRAGANSETT WAR SONG.

(From an unpublished Poem.)

BY FRANCES H. W. GREEN

Wake, Narragansetts ! Wake !  
The foe is in our borders !  
Come forth from hill and lake ;  
Repel the bold marauders !  
    Disgrace and pains  
    And servile chains  
Shall Indians languish under ?  
    No, we disdain  
    The Yengee's chain,  
And mock his booming thunder !

Come forth from vale and plain,  
From river, wood, and fountain ;  
Come, like the hurricane,  
When storms sweep o'er the mountain ?  
    Our cry shall be,  
    " For Liberty " !  
The strong arm we are baring ;  
    For child, and sire,  
    And Council fire,  
The foe shall rue our daring !

Smithfield, R. I.



THE GREAT OCEAN, FROM THE CLIFFS OF THE GREAT OCEAN



A DAY AT THE  
DELAWARE WATER GAP.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY HENRY HOWE.

THIS wild and romantic pass is usually approached from the south. At a great distance in this direction, the Blue or Kittaning mountain is seen running north-easterly in one unvarying line for perhaps fifty miles and forming the boundary of the horizon. The range rises nearly two thousand feet, and continues an unbroken chain, excepting where two deep notches appear to be cut through the mountain. The first is the Water Gap, through which the Delaware makes its passage : and the second is the Wind Gap, fourteen miles south-west of the former, over which winds a stage road.

On a pleasant autumnal day I left the fine village of Belvidere for the Water Gap. For several days previous I had a distant view of the Blue mountain with its deep chasm, and longed to



“ Visit those lonely regions, where, retired  
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
In awful solitude.”

On that day my wish was gratified. As I approached, the mountain apparently grew more lofty and precipitous, and the chasm deeper and more appalling; but not until I had ascended an eminence half a mile south of the opening, did the scene burst upon me in all its vastness.

On each side of the Gap the mountains were seen rising to the height of one-third of a mile, their sides clothed with forest trees interspersed with the towering hemlock and other evergreens. In many places huge ledges of rock, hundreds of feet high stood frowning forth; and on the Jersey side descended precipitously to the water's edge. In the distance the mountains appeared lower, more graceful, and curving around to the left, shut out a farther prospect. From between, the Delaware came winding down in all her majesty, like one vast sheet of liquid silver and giving the finishing touch to a landscape of surpassing grandeur.

As evening drew nigh I proceeded to a little inn at the base of the mountain, on the Pennsyl-

vania side. Supper was soon ready. Capacious dishes, filled almost to overflowing, with all desirable variety, were piled in the generous "country fashion" on the board. While helping myself liberally to the good things and partaking of the best of coffee, the landlady, a hale, robust, elderly woman, amused me with stories of rattlesnakes and other venomous reptiles that infest these regions, until I almost trembled at the thought of ascending the mountain on the morrow.

After dark I went into the Gap, and there witnessed, to me, a novel method of fishing. Several lines were stretched across the river—at that place about forty rods wide—to which were short ones attached, with hooks. Once in about an hour the fishermen rowed across the stream, took in their lines, gathered the fish, and then re-set them. Not desiring to join in so unscientific a method of angling, I seated myself alone on a fallen trunk under some trees by the river bank. I shall never forget that moment. On the opposite bank, high in air, in gloomy grandeur, arose the Jersey mountain; its rough, craggy precipices, and deep fearful chasms, just discerned

through the blackness of night, were reflected boldly on the surface of the river, which appeared dark and unfathomable as eternity. A few stars were twinkling far away above the mountain, and here and there, from among the foliage on the other side, a light from some solitary dwelling cast its rays across the blackened waters. Immediately behind me, lay the fishermen in grotesque postures, around a huge fire, the warm light of which illumining the leafy canopy over my head, enhanced the wild sublimity of this Alpine scene.

The next morning, in company with the landlady's son, and a small dog as a protection against snakes, I crossed the river and commenced the toilsome ascent of the Jersey mountain. At first I experienced a slight trepidation, momentarily expecting to hear the low terrific warning of a rattlesnake, or feel the sting of some malicious copper-head as he darted from a jutting rock into my face. But our little cur going ahead, joyously wagging his tail, snuffing and smelling among the stones in search of these reptiles, set an example of fearlessness that his superiors were glad to copy.

We at length arrived at the summit, when was presented a scene of glory. To the south it was

“A gaily checkered, heart-expanding view,  
Far as the circling eye could shoot around.”

A vast expanse was spread out in the luxuriance of vegetation; diversified with hills, valleys, woodlands, cultivated fields, and here and there a dwelling. Through this lovely landscape gently wound the Delaware; the gurgling of its passing waters down in the vale, reached in soft murmurs the heights above.

To the north, up the gorge, the scene was wild. On the left the Pennsylvania mountain came abruptly down to near the water's edge. To the right and front the eminence we were on curved around, and meeting the opposite mountain, enclosed the river in a basin, imparting to it the similitude of a lake, as it lay below, deep and sombre in the shadow of encircling hills. Still further on, the whole back ground was filled with long ranges of irregularly peaked mountains: those near, fresh in their livery of green; those beyond, assuming a deep blue color, and then becoming fainter

and fainter, until mellowing away like indistinct clouds afar off in the horizon.

Descending, I recrossed the river to the tavern where I had lodged the preceding night. Buckling on my knapsack, I walked upward through the gap. At the distance of a half a mile the river turned suddenly to the left, and then soon resumed its former course. In a mile or more the mountains grew less bold, although still lofty, and the stream wider until it expanded to its full breadth. Numerous green isles now appeared, graced with mossy trees, whose luxuriant branches lovingly bent, as if to woo the passing waters. The hills receded from the river — cultivated farms and dwellings presented themselves, and the scene changed its wildness to one of enchanting beauty. I walked on for several miles and was finally rowed in a boat across the river to a neighboring farm house, where I was to pass the night. The rays of the departing sun, tinging with gold the summits of the mountains, and the lengthening shadows in the valley and across the waters, told that night was near. While enjoying the prospect, my mind was filled with pleasing retro-

spections of the few past hours, and as I sat in that little skiff, gliding over the placid surface of the river, I felt that among the happiest days of my life was that just passed at the Delaware Water Gap.

## THE NEW-ENGLAND EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY D. P. THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF "MAY MARTIN," "GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS," &amp;C.

New England, farewell ! with thy evergreen mountains,  
Thy deep shaded forests, thy hill and thy dell,  
Thy beautiful cascades, thy pure gushing fountains,  
I bid you forever, forever farewell.

'Twas the spot of my youth, of my life's early dawning,  
Where joyous I sported in Fancy's bright ray,  
When she shone on my soul like the beams of the morning,  
And beguiled my young life in sweet vision away.

It was here that the ties of young friendship first bound me,  
When my springing affections all ardently glow'd ;  
And here with my youthful companions around me,  
I asked but the pleasures which friendship bestow'd.

Though distant I wander, I still must regret thee —  
Regret thy wild scenes, as far onward I roam,  
And cold be my bosom before I forget thee,  
Before I forget the enchantments of home.

And with pride thy remembrance shall e'er be attended,  
For I still shall respect, though I view them no more,  
Those regions where science with virtue is blended,  
Those mountains which cradled young Freedom of yore.

My Country, I leave thee! but Fancy, illusive,  
With me to thy land will full often repair,  
To view thy green hills and thy valleys profusive —  
To linger delighted o'er scenes recall'd there.

New England, Farewell! o'er my dim eye is stealing,  
As it rests on thy mountains fast fading from view,  
The tear that is waken'd by anguish of feeling,  
As I bid thee a long and a lasting adieu.



## CONVERSATIONS WITH COUSIN NED,

OR A BRIEF ESSAY ON

## LOVE AND GENIUS.

BY MISS SARA M'DONALD.

## CONVERSATION FIRST.

LOVE *hath ceased to be!* Cousin Ned! *Love hath ceased to be!* No! indeed it hath not, nor can Love ever die outright! Why you might as well declare, that the flowers have lost their fragrance, that the birds never sing now, and the stars never shine! It were all the same thing, my dear Coz. for knowest thou not that Love is the life of the material, as well as of the spiritual? Knowest thou not that had Love *ceased to be*, the world, the bright external world would be clothed in sable habiliments, and its soul-thrilling melodies all, all forever hushed? Aye! you must admit, Cousin Ned, that Love still dwelleth among us, still maketh its home in woman's heart, where with a skilful hand it

sweepeth the spirit's lyre causing it to yield many a high, a holy strain!

What matters it that the days of chivalry are past? Woman can love as truly, as fondly now, as when proud Knights put spears in rest for her, and she oft looked not on her betrothed for many a long, a weary twelvemonth—Aye! Woman can love as truly, fondly and devotedly now as then, for as a poet somewhere singeth,

“Love cannot change nor hide its nature,  
But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp,  
As in a palace hall.”

And brighter now oftimes in lowly cottages and fair, than in proud, stately palaces of old: methinks he might have added! What! dost thou still dissent from my opinion? Art thou not yet convinced? Listen then, I pray thee, while I attempt to prove to thee, that Woman *can*, nay, *does love*, even in this *unloving* age!

Thou knowest, Cousin Ned, that I am in “maiden meditation fancy free,” so none of your roguish smiles and glances, as if you expect that I am about to “tell my experience.” No! no! had I experience to tell, it would be in other ears than thine I would whisper it. But the evening

is fast 'wearin awa,' and I must to the fulfilment of the task, you have most gallantly imposed upon me !

*Love hath ceased to be !* Cousin Ned ; *Love hath ceased to be !* Then do our poets sing wrong, then are their sweetest precepts worthless, their loveliest limnings but a delusion. I tell thee, Cousin Ned, they do not sing wrong. Think you, that the fair beings to whose companionship Scott, your own loved Scott, hath admitted us, are his own creations ; bright visions conjured up to please the fancy, and amuse the spirit's eye ? Oh, no ! they are glowing, truthful portraitures, fresh from a master's hand ; portraitures of tender hearted, high souled women, whose countenances were unto him most familiar, and the leaves of whose hearts had been opened to his far seeing gaze. Long and adoringly did he look and read, that by bold strokes of his magic pencil, he might render *them*, and through them *himself, immortal !*

Ay ! Cousin Ned, had *Love* died with *Chivalry*, we had never gazed upon the *Lily of St. Leonard's* ; had never sought with the meek, the patient, the all-enduring *Jeannie Deans*, to

save that fair blossom from the storm that threatened to destroy its exceeding loveliness— And *Annot Lyle*, the golden haired, the violet eyed, the loving *Annot Lyle* ; never had we listened to the entrancing melody of her *clairshach* and voice ; never shared the pleasant wanderings of the fair *Lady of the Lake*, the beautiful and gifted *Ellen Douglass* ; never wept with the devoted *Constance Beverly*, and held sweet converse with the graceful and bewitching *Catherine Seyton*.

*Love hath ceased to be !* Cousin Ned ; *Love hath ceased to be !* Then would the tender, soul-thrilling lays of *Burns*, ‘rare *Rob. Burns*’ the Poet of the Heart, the Poet of the People, cease to find an echo in thousands of fond bosoms, cease to be chanted by rosy lips, and wept over by bright eyes, because of their truth, their *truth*, Cousin Ned, and beauty. Surely you will own that *love* taught *him* song ; surely you will own, that had *Love ceased to be*, *Mary Campbell* would be unto us, as the *lost Pleiad*, rather than a bright star in the firmament of song, waxing brighter and brighter with the lapse of time.

And *Jean Armour*, his own lovely, faithful *Jean*, and the fair *Jessie Lewers*, who was unto him as a daughter,—was it not to immortalize their love and tenderness, that he has bequeathed to posterity two of the most precious gems, poet ever drew from his soul's casket; gems on which shine their names and his in living characters? Dear old *Christopher North*, in speaking of the exquisite lyric addressed to *Jean*, tells us that she sung it to her Robert the same evening it was composed, and adds, “indeed he never knew whether or no he had succeeded in any one of his lyrics, till he heard *his* words and the air from *her* voice”—a powerful argument, my good Cousin, in favor of the *inspiration of affection*!

*Love hath ceased to be ! Love hath ceased to be !*  
No ! indeed it hath not ! else where had England's Poet Laureate found a bright original from which to draw his semblance of

“ A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command,  
And yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an *angel's light*.”

You may smile at me, Cousin Ned, you may call me enthusiastic, but I tell thee there is at this

moment in our changeful world—aye! even in our own midst—many a fair *Ophelia*, the burden of whose heart's song is,

“And will he not come again,  
And will he not come again?”

Many a true hearted, simple minded girl, mourning because of unrequited love; *dying*, it may be, dying of a *broken heart*, though she whisper it to none. And why should she? *Death* will soon shelter her beneath the shadow of his dazzling pinions, will soon hush the mournful numbers of the lyre that trembles in her breast, will soon tune its shattered strings, and bid angel fingers wake from them, triumphant strains and glad!

A little while,—and she will find that they who love most on earth, love most above: will find, that to be a *seraph* is sweeter even than to rejoice in the name of *cherub*; will find that *Love is Heaven* and *Heaven is Love*!

## CONVERSATION SECOND.

*Genius*, Cousin Ned! it is of *Genius* I would chat with thee for a few moments, this bright and blessed morn! "*A time honored subject*," do you exclaim? Have patience, Ned, have patience; it is not of that indescribable something, which the mass styles genius, nor yet of the great geniuses of earth that I am about to speak. No! no! it is of *voiceless* genius, of "*tongueless nightingales*," that I would whisper a few words in the ear of my good Cousin.

Wilt listen attentively, while I attempt to prove to thee, that there now is, and ever has been, more of *Genius*, and consequently more of truth and loveliness on earth, than one is disposed to believe exists in this our world?

Think you, Cousin Ned, that *Genius* maketh its home alone in the hearts and minds of those, who (as dear Fredrika Bremer aptly remarks) are "*heroes in life's great drama*," those who live until their intellectual powers become fully developed, and the records of whose hearts shall be read by generations yet unborn?

*Genius!* what is Genius, but an ardent yearning for the beautiful, the true of life; a fervent pleading for *light*—light that will reveal nature's language to the spirit's gaze, light that will illumine the recesses of the human heart, and guide the soul back to its primeval home?

Oftentimes do these yearnings become audible; oftentimes do the spirits to whom such blessed knowledge hath been imparted, *echo* the thrilling strains which they have learned; embody the heavenly visions that have visited their sight.

Sweetly fall their songs upon our entranced ears; brightly glance their glowing transcripts upon our rapt vision; and with swelling hearts and grateful, we wonder and adore—*adore* the mighty ones, who have power thus to sway our being.

But the *quiet ones* of earth, Cousin Ned, the quiet ones and gifted, within whose gentle bosoms dwell thoughts pure and lovely as the home they have chosen—what matters it that they find here no utterance, no mode of expression for the images of beauty and goodness which throng upon their souls by day and night? They will sing all the sweeter in *heaven*, that they were silent here;



silent in word, yet eloquent, most eloquent in deeds of tenderness and love !

Like the calm and placid moonlight, that seeks not to dazzle, yet enters into the soul with a mighty power, soothing its wildest throbbings and filling the bosom with a sweet and solemn awe, is the influence of earth's *voiceless geniuses*—we may pass them by at first, may scarcely deem their smiles worth returning, and perhaps listen coldly to their low, plaintive tones—yet in hours of loneliness and grief, when our strength is low, our hearts tired—their kindly smiles, their timid but loving words will recur to memory, and our spirits feel that they have indeed walked with *angels unawares*.

The *voiceless geniuses* of Earth—oh ! it is to them that strength is given to suffer and be still ; it is their souls who in dark hours and fearful, are endued, as it were, with a heavenly meekness, a heavenly endurance. The *Great of Earth*, those master minds, the secrets of whose hearts have been revealed to the gaze of the multitude—too often do they forget their high vocation, too often mingle with the sons and daughters of fashion, until they forget to tune their lyres, save as the

giddy crowd dictates, until the mark that Genius ever delights to set upon the brows of her children to distinguish them from those of meaner clay, grows faint, and they become of the Earth, earthy. Alas! that it should ever be thus, and yet it hath been and must still be, for often as the heirs of Genius forget their glorious birthright, so often will clouds dim the horizon of their souls. But their *humbler* brethren, Cousin Ned, upon *their* spirits' wings rest no dark stains—no unmeaning flatteries, no cruel censures blight the fair blossoms of Humility and Hope within their souls; they are trustful and loving, and therefore *calm*—oh! it is so beautiful to be calm, Cousin Ned, so beautiful, for then are we like the angels in heaven.

The *voiceless geniuses* of Earth—tell me not that their self-denying lives, their disinterested sacrifices for the well being of others, their patience, their endurance, and above all their love, their faithful, undying love, remain unknown, unsung. Tell me not that these rich gifts fail to bring their possessors that pure and lofty renown in which truly noble minds ever delight! It is not so! Cousin Ned! it is not so! Genius ever seeks

to immortalize genius ; ever delights, when utterance hath been granted it, and earth's fetters rest not upon its pinions, to sing

“ Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope.”

Read those sweetest, those most glorious of Mrs. Hemans's Poems, “ *The Records of Woman*,” and tell me if a less lofty, less refined genius, inspired the gentle wife of Werner Stauffacher to measures that freed her beloved Switzerland from its galling bonds ; bid the fair Pauline to die for the child she loved ; gave to the young Smeldu strength to draw from her Azzo's breast the poison that chilled her own life blood, and sustained the devoted *Gertrude Von der Wart* through all that night of bitterest wo, when kneeling beside her beloved Rudolph,

“ She wiped the death damps from her brow  
With her pale hands and soft,  
Whose touch upon the lute chords low,  
Had thrilled his heart so oft ;

She spread her mantle o'er his breast,  
She bathed his lips with dew,  
And on his cheek such kisses prest,  
As Hope and Joy ne'er knew.”

Ay! tell me if a less lofty, a less holy, less refined genius dwelt within *their* bosoms, than within the soul of *her* who hath but sung of their deeds of affection!

*Genius*, Cousin Ned, why it hath a home in the heart of every high souled and cultivated woman, whose chief aim is to render *Home, Home happy*; and who, (to alter slightly the language of a much admired writer,) enters into the slightest details of every day life with a spirit and taste, which impart to them a poetry and charm.

Greenbush, N. Y., ———.

## WOOD SONG.

BY FRANCES H. W. GREEN.

## I.

THERE is a holy stillness here  
Amid this wild majestic scene,  
Where not a leaf is turning sere  
But all is calm, and still, and green.

## II.

ON mossy rocks we'll sit us down  
And weave gay coronets of flowers,  
While swiftly as on wings of down  
Shall pass away the happy hours.

## III.

THEN hand in hand we'll wander still,  
Finding new beauties as we go,  
By darkling valley, stream and hill,  
Where eglantine and violets blow.

## IV.

WE'll chase wild echo through the glades,  
And chide her for her mocking tones;  
Seek gentle Peace, in her own shades,  
And find the grot, contentment owns.

## V.

THE foot of guilt hath never been  
To leave on this bright moss its stains,  
But all is holy in this scene .  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.





## LEOLINE.

BY MRS C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

IF you but met her in the crowded hall,  
On that sweet face your eye might careless fall —  
Yet when it roved o'er many a brow as fair,  
It turned to rest in thoughtful stillness there :  
There was a something in her radiant eyes,  
Which told they oft had gazed upon the skies ;  
And oft their speaking glances would reveal,  
That which she would, yet could not all conceal —  
Bright glimpses of the world within her heart,  
Pure as the Eden, ere defiled by art ;  
Where Love and Hope their fairest garlands flung,  
And Poesy in sweetest numbers sung.  
To her, all bright things to the green earth given,  
Seemed but as hints of beauty in the Heaven ;  
The seraph wings of Faith and Love had fanned  
Away the mists between her and that land :  
To pure and beauteous things she'd given her heart,  
Till of their loveliness she seemed a part —  
And you in nature's fairest haunts might trace  
The spirit breathing from her tranquil face.  
Truths, which from sterner lips you vainly sought,  
Ere you had willed, were from *her presence caught* !  
She seemed an angel to the earth but lent,  
To show that much of heaven with earth is blent ; —  
To wake imaginings of that pure clime,  
Where never roams the desolater, Time.



## STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE "OPENING" OF THE BROOKLYN FEMALE ACADEMY.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

If in yon glorious arch on high  
Another star should purely shine,  
How would we gaze with wond'ring eye!  
How fervent bless the light divine!  
The miser turning from his gold,  
The penitent from contrite prayer,  
The child of Joy — of Grief untold,  
Would join to hail the stranger fair.

That star hath ris'n! Even now  
Its first faint beam salutes the earth. —  
Father of Lights! To Thee we bow,  
Oh! bless the hour that gave it birth!  
Long may it shine with steady ray;  
Long gild those "heights" with purest beam; —  
Star of our hopes! Still cheer our way,  
Until we wake from Life's long dream!

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

BY G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

“There shall be no night there.”——Rev. xxi 25.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS ELIZA B. MILLS, ABERDEEN, MISS.

THERE is no night in Heaven !  
 No sun sinks in the west,  
 No lengthening shades of even,  
 Upon the landscape rest ;  
 No distant star with glim’ring ray,  
 Keeps watch through hours of gloom ;  
 For endless sunshine gilds the day,  
 That dawns beyond the tomb !

There is no night in Heaven !  
 No limbs grow weary there,  
 No hearts with grief are riven,  
 No cheeks are wan with care ;  
 No gushing tear-drops dim the eye,  
 No furrows trace the brow,  
 No bitter sobs of agony,  
 From stricken bosoms flow.

There is no night in heaven !  
 Earth’s beautiful and true,  
 That to our hearts have given,  
 Love soft as Hermon’s dew, —  
 More beautiful shall seem beyond,  
 And still more deeply love, —  
 And greet with greetings pure and fond,  
 As Angels greet above !

There is no night in Heaven !  
But ere that last great Morn,  
That fades no more in even,  
What ties must yet be torn !  
How must the heart sleep that deep sleep  
Beneath the valley's sod,  
Ere it can wake no more to weep, —  
Companion of a God !

There is no night in Heaven !  
Speed on ye winged hours —  
Ye days to toil and sorrow given —  
Fleeting as leaves and flowers !  
Speed on ye restless moments too,  
Time's ripples, to *that sea*,  
That mirrors Heaven's o'er-arching blue,  
For aye, unchangingly !

Mississippi, 1846.

## HONESTY.

BY A. J. McDONALD.

“AN honest man ’s the noblest work of God,” says Pope ; but what kind of honesty he meant, I scarce can tell ; for though Honesty is a word which all of us frequently use, and the very mention of which excites the conscientiousness of every individual, yet if we closely examine the different meanings attached to that word, we shall very soon find ourselves compelled to throw it aside as useless. Each one judges of another’s honesty as he would of the quality of the coat he wears or the house he lives in ; or in other words, he superficially examines his neighbor’s honesty, to see if it is *fashionable*, or consistent with the honesty of those carrying on similar employments in life. The variety of ideas as to what is honest or dishonest arises from the particular character each one possesses and the education he has received. The “honesty of thieves” is quite a different thing to the mer-

chant's honesty, and the honesty of the merchant a very different thing to the honesty of the mechanic. If we were all to imitate the thief's honesty, we should soon perhaps be astonished at the great change which would come over our affairs, or indeed if we followed the apparent standard of honesty which any particular man of business might erect, we should equally find how soon the present relations between us would change.

But there are really *two* kinds of honesty in nearly all those who are engaged in business; the one is *business honesty*, and the other, *honesty of conscience*. The first we see every day and hour, in full operation. If we purchase from the match vender on the street, or the flour factor in his granary, we can easily perceive that "buy cheap and sell dear" is the grand maxim, and that each, in his particular occupation, practices the honesty belonging to that occupation. But—if we could enter into the depths of their minds, we should find, (even in the least honest of them,) a little of the *honesty of conscience*. This is the *real* honesty—this is the honesty we want to supersede the other *misnamed*

honesty; and by the universal inculcation of great moral principles and an enlightened education, we may look into the dark and distant future, with hopes to catch a gleam of that universal honesty which will tear away the mask from the face of man, and cause him to stand nobly erect and gaze steadfastly into the face of his brother, and speak alone the truth.

Then there shall be no deception; then, shall humanity rest in sweet sleep with clear consciences; then, shall every man sit under his own "vine and fig tree" with none *wishing* to make him afraid.

The dishonesty of Politicians shall be no more; no man shall give his brother bad weight or measure, and no one for the sake of worldly gain hold falsehood up to lead his fellow man astray and live in splendor on his credulity.

Then speed onward Truth; clear all darkness from thy path—spread universally into every nook where there is one of human kind: Peace *must* follow in thy train, happiness gladden all thou visitest; and then, and not till then shall man, "the wide world o'er," "Love his neighbor as himself."

## TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

THE days are dreary, Mother,  
And the winter nights are long;  
The cold north wind sweeps over us,  
On pinions fleet and strong:—  
I hear through crack and crevice now  
Its mournful midnight song.

And what, Oh! gentle Mother,  
Doth the wild wind whisper me?  
Brings it a fearful story of  
The dark and stormy sea—  
Of ghastly lips and glaring eyes?  
Such frightful things there be!

Oh! not of these, my Mother,  
Doth it murmur in mine ear;  
But with the plaintive wailing tones  
My soul delights to hear,  
It sings of childhood's summer-days—  
Of childhood's light and cheer.

Oh! I have wandered, mother,  
Through the dim land of the past,  
When skies were not, by gathering clouds,  
Or darkness, overcast:—  
When days grew brighter as they came,  
The loveliest always last.

Beside the stream, sweet Mother,  
That in beauty glided by,  
Its bosom throbbing tranquilly  
Beneath a summer sky,  
I sat amid the rustling reeds  
A wild light in mine eye—

For even then, my mother,  
Did this restless bosom pant,  
For nature's sweetest solitudes,  
For each lone, shady haunt,  
Where, with the waves, and birds, and breeze,  
My voice might softly chant.

Dost thou remember, Mother,  
The bright lilies floating there—  
The wild rose with its honey-breath,  
That garlanded my hair—  
The flaunting flags, whose sword-like leaves  
Gleamed in the sunny air?

Or in the Spring, sweet Mother,  
When the sparkling rain-drops fell,  
And grass sprung up on every glade  
And wild flowers in the dell,  
Who brought the blue wood violets,  
To one who loved them well?

And thinkest thou, dear Mother,  
How my fingers then were dyed  
With purple berries that I crushed,  
Until a crimson tide  
Dripped slowly on the little feet  
That wandered by thy side.



These visions, Oh ! my Mother, —  
    These dreams of early days —  
Of girlhood's sunny, summer-hours —  
    Its music, love and lays  
Foreshadow darkness to my soul,  
    And gloomy phantoms raise !

I'm weary, weary, Mother,  
    Of the heartless and the gay,  
And though I have a smile for all,  
    Who cross my sunless way,  
It gleams but on the parted lips, —  
    The soul sheds not the ray.

I've deeply sorrowed, Mother,  
    But I speak not of it now ; —  
My heart is slowly breaking 'neath  
    The oft repeated blow ;  
And sadder shades are stealing fast  
    Across my pallid brow.

I think, could I, sweet Mother,  
    Lean my head upon thy breast,  
Thy gentle voice might kindly lull  
    My spirit to its rest ; —  
Oh, God ! to die within her arms  
    Who loves one truest, best !

## "A BLESSING, MOTHER."

BY BYRONA.

ITALIA's latest sunlit wave,  
Had ceased its ripple, and the light gondola  
Rested by its side, as o'er the sleeping  
Waters broke the vesper bell. It seemed  
An hour, which Nature to Devotion gave,  
To fit each wayward heart for Heaven—and  
With the first low chime of that old bell  
The heart was measuring each pulse.

Full many a picture rested there,  
Around that sea-girt isle—pictures which Love  
Had sketched for Beauty. One there was, which  
Mem'ry bears amid her richest offerings.

A Fisher's humble cot,  
Lashed oft by angry wave, stood where our eye  
Was feasting on the bright and beautiful ;  
From out that cot a lovely group had stole,  
To gaze upon the sunlit deep, and watch  
Each dying hue, which there awaited  
Evening's last embrace.

The dark eyed matron in whose glance  
Was joy and love, sat by the sterner sire ;  
Who Lord of all this rich domain, remembered  
It no longer. One thought alone was speaking  
In the look with which he met the eagle eye  
Of prattling son, or caught the sunny smile

Of lisping daughter ; and she, sweet sharer  
Of this hour, lived in the bliss born with that  
Thought.

But now, the vesper's well known sound  
Falls on each list'ning ear, and many an  
“*Ave Maria*” blends with that deep'ning  
Tone.

*Here*, holy men are bowing to their  
Hurried prayers, and *there* the sainted monk counts  
O'er his beads. And childhood, too, forgets its  
Merry laugh, to hear the low breathed “*blessing*,”  
Which maternal lips pronounce. The bright eyed  
Sister of this cottage-group, with bounding  
Step, bursts from a brother's circling arm, and  
Springing from the tiny bank of many  
A tinted shell, calls for that sweet and ready  
Boon, “*A Blessing, Mother*”, As by that mother's  
Knee, she bows her fair young head.

The low, deep chimes of that old bell  
Were full of richest music, until I  
Heard that silvery voice breathe forth its sweet  
“A BLESSING, MOTHER,” its tones were caught from  
Cherub lyre—and e'en the picture of that  
Kneeling one, though found on earth, was one which  
Had its birth in Heaven.

Memphis, Tenn., July 1846.

## SONG FOR A LOVER.

BY WM. DUTHIE.

## I.

BRIGHT rises the sun over forest and plain,  
Low sails the swift bird o'er the ripening grain,  
Sweet flowers in joy toss the light dew away,  
And the breeze sings its song to the god of the day.

Low sounds the light hum of the bee on the air,  
And never was heaven so bright or so fair;  
I know these are brighter and fairer than thee,  
Yet there's light in thy face that is dearer to me!

## II.

High swelling and foaming the broad waters roll  
With rising awe filling the list'ning soul,  
As silent we gaze on the wide swelling deep,  
And watch the full waves in their giant-like sweep.

The frail vessel trembles as onward she steers,  
The storm and the rush of the ocean she fears,  
But yet though so grand and so mighty the sea,  
Thy gentleness still is far dearer to me!

## III.

And high where unheard is the ocean's loud roar,  
O'er city and valley the haughty cliffs soar,  
While madly the waters their broad bases lave,  
Their rugged sides frown o'er the face of the wave.

So highly they tower in sternness and pride,  
As though in their power even God they defied;  
But I turn from their sternness to look upon thee,  
Thy gentleness still is far dearer to me !

## IV.

Above us how thickly the bright stars are sown !  
How lovely ! And can they be worlds like our own ?  
Like the numberless eyes of a Godhead they shine,  
And oh ! how much brighter and fairer than thine !

Ah ! rich are the beauties that round thy face play,  
But heaven's are fairer and richer than they,  
And fairer and richer why still let them be,  
You love me, and ah ! that is dearer to me !





THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, LONDON.

## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY CAPTAIN JOHNS, R. M. F.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

"NEVER marry a soldier!"

"And why not, mother? was not father a soldier?"

"Yes, my dear, he was; and I don't say any thing against his memory. A good and kind husband he was to me, though a little given to drink when we first married. Never man behaved better to wife than he did to me for five-and-twenty years. Still I say, Mary, never marry a soldier. There is peace just now; but even in peaceable times, and the regiment in England, a soldier's wife is badly off enough, and has much to put up with; but let there come a war, or the regiment be ordered abroad, and she left at home, for months—ay, sometimes for years—and she doesn't know whether she is a wife or a widow. Then, perhaps, she goes to the



Horse Guards, asks after her husband, and gets answered, 'Dead! There's a good woman;—don't cry here!' as my poor sister, who's gone, once got answered. She hadn't then heard of her husband for more than three years. The gentlemen at the War-Office in those busy days couldn't stand to break the matter gently to a poor woman, —they had a score of the same answers to give every day."

"But, mother, you went abroad with father, and he died a sergeant and a pensioner," replied the pertinacious Mary, in this colloquy which took place between parent and daughter in the porch of an humble cottage situated at the outskirts of a small country town.

"True, my dear, I don't deny it. I have followed the camp, lived hard, and slept hard. I have seen two general actions, and many skirmishes—sometimes in the rear with the baggage, sometimes actually under fire. I found your poor father in the field, shot through the leg, the second day of Talavera. It was evening. Hardly had I sat down beside him, and put a bottle of water to his lips, and given him a bit of bread, for the army had been without food for two days, when

there was a cry, 'The grass is on fire!' And, oh, the scene that followed! The long dry grass was in flames; the cries of the wounded, as the fire reached them, perishing by this cruel death—I think I hear them now! I dragged your poor father away with a strength I did not know belonged to me. He tried all he could to keep from groaning; but I knew the pain I was giving him. However, I got him clear off the long grass, and watched him all night. Many of his comrades, who had no one to help them, were burnt to death. The next morning the French had gone, and I got him on a car that was taking wounded men into the town. I walked by the side of it, for there was not room for me to ride. I would have given worlds to have had his poor wounded leg on my lap. We came to the place that they had made into a hospital. There his leg was cut off, and there I nursed him. Sir Arthur—the Duke that now is—left the wounded in charge of the Spaniards; and they, cowards like, forsook us—leaving us in the night without letting Sir Arthur know, or he'd have come to us, and not left his wounded men to the mercy of the French. But away went the Spaniards; and all that could

be done by our officers was to get what conveyances they had in the town, and put the wounded upon them. Such as were too bad to move were left behind. I shall never forget the looks, ay, and the cries of those that couldn't go with us. Men, once strong and still brave, wept like children from sorrow and weakness. Your father was put on a car at the risk of his life, for he was in a high fever from the loss of his limb. I heard his moans as I walked beside the car: yes,—among the cries of all the other wounded I knew *his* moans. But it is a long story and a sad one, and I'll say no more about it. All came right in the end. And when we were, months afterwards, in the transport that was taking us home, the stump healed, and father hearty, how I blessed the day he lost his leg—for there was an end of his soldiering. He got pensioned, and we came to live in this cottage. Here you were born, and happy days did we spend here till we lost him."

The widow wept, and Mary caressed and comforted her mother; and, no doubt, at the moment, was most sincere in the declaration that she would never leave her. She was not likely to marry any body, and especially a soldier! What soldier

did she know but Robert Heathcote? And he gave himself so many airs since he had come back a corporal of dragoons, that he was the most unlikely man in the world to think of her, though they had been old playfellows together. Besides, she hated conceit, particularly in a man. And Mary got so angry when she talked of Robert, that she convinced herself, but not her mother, that she did not care a bit about him.

Mary was wrong, and the widow was right. Before three months were at an end, despite the warning, but yet with the blessing of her mother, Mary married the bold dragoon, and went with him and a detachment of newly raised recruits to join his regiment, then stationed in India. Seven years passed. The widow's cottage was tenantless. To use the words of the neighbors of the bereaved mother, "she had never looked up since her daughter left her." Often had she heard from India—heard that Mary was happy—for she, too, had drawn a prize in the hazardous lottery of military matrimony. Then came the intelligence that a little boy was born, and that Robert had been promoted after an action with a horde of Pindarries, in which, according to Mary's account,

he and the officer commanding were the greatest heroes. And at the end of the seventh year—happy, happy news!—that the regiment was ordered home. This last letter greeted not the widow's eyes, but lay at the post-office unclaimed by her who now slept beneath the churchyard sod. Mary heard of her mother's death the day she reached the cavalry barracks in the neighborhood of the town. But the soldier's wife had another and a nearer care. Heathcote, who had stood unscathed in the day of battle, was about to be laid low by a deadly disease which had attacked him on his homeward passage. He returned to his native land but to die; and, ere long, the shrill clarions awoke the echoes of the old church, beneath the shadow of which the widow lay. The "Dead March" sounded among the graves. The funeral party, with their arms reversed; the coffin of Robert Heathcote spread over by the dark pall, on which glistened the bright helmet, the sword, and the carbine, the death-dealing weapons of the dead; six non-commissioned officers, acting as pall-bearers to their old comrade; the horse of the deceased, which always in this melancholy pageant plays the part of a

mourner ; and Mary—poor Mary!—leading her orphan boy—mourners, indeed!—passed by the widow's grave ; and her sorrowing daughter remembered the words of warning, as though they were spoken but yesterday, “Never marry a soldier!”

Mary now lives in the old cottage, and is, in her turn, the adviser ; but her advice is likely to be as little heeded as the admonition of former days.

“Robert, do not be a soldier!”

“Nay, mother, why not?” answers the boy.  
“Father was a soldier ; and, when I'm a man, I'll be a bold dragoon!”

## A RANDOM SKETCH.

(From my note book.)

BY WILLIAM PENN CHANDLER,

U. S. CONSUL, PUERTO CABELLO.

## HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

A GENTLEMAN of this city, an American citizen, a man of fine intellect and extensive information, formerly a merchant enjoying a large business, but latterly very unfortunate, related to me the following incident. It referred to one of the Merchant Princes, who have made Boston the richest city in proportion to its population "in the States," and how he acquired a large proportion of his wealth at a single stroke. "It was," said he, "during *the late War*, which although now more than a quarter of a century past, will doubtless always continue to be 'the late War,' or at least until another robs it of its title,\* that the following occurrences took place.

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\* The grand Mexican charivari had not commenced at the time referred to.

“I then resided in ‘the glowing East.’ The ‘Declaration of War’ had caught me a resident of the ever verdant Isle of France, but before the time to which allusion is made, I had removed to Calcutta, where, while prosecuting a large mercantile business, I became acquainted with the facts of this story.

“The War was drawing to a close; English obstinacy and perseverance were fast yielding to the most uninterrupted series of ill luck both ‘by sea and land.’ They had contended against the ‘knowing ones,’—those who had the power of seeing into the future, or whose superior advices and extensive opportunities gave them such knowledge of the past and present as to enable them to see the waving of the *Olive Branch*, in the dim vista, seen through the array of hostile flags.

“The Boston merchant in question, was one of the foremost of the *seers*. He had been long engaged in the India trade before the War, and was, therefore, well acquainted with its character, notwithstanding the non-intercourse prevailing between almost all sections of the globe; his power of combination and his carefully devised arrangements for procuring news, gave him great



facilities in discovering ‘what was going on’ ‘the other side of the water.’ The Berlin and Milan decrees had literally *stopped* the importations into continental Europe,—America, on account of the War, presented a sealed coast. The great length of time during which the East had been accustomed to seek a market in the West, had almost destroyed its capacity to look for one elsewhere. There was no outlet save in English bottoms to England, and this only under the risk of *capture* from half a dozen great powers. In a word, the East was filled with the most valuable goods. Calcutta and Bombay, Madras and Singapore, were packed like vast store-houses. Prices, of course, were very low, almost nominal. The numerous operations of England in America were the source of countless millions of expenditure. Canada was the grand point of financial management and radiation. Bills upon the mother government were scattered broadcast over the land. They were offered at heavy discounts on all hands. Our merchant, who thoroughly cognizant of the affairs of the Governor-Generalship of Canada as well as those of Bengal and Madras, and the *Grand Empire*, did not fail to inform

himself of matters daily transpiring around him, at home and with his nation's foe—resolved upon a master stroke. He looked through the long list of unemployed Captains with which every seaport then abounded, and having found one to his liking, a man of equal intelligence, honesty and firmness, he offered him a salary to be named by *himself*, and directed him to select from the crowd of unoccupied sailors, a picked crew. This done, he purchased a clipper-built, fast sailing, Baltimore schooner of the first class, for which he gave the large sum of twelve thousand dollars.

“Having placed the Captain and crew in the vessel, he called them together and told them that ‘They were bound upon a long and dangerous voyage—that it *must* be more than *one*, and *might* be *many* years ere they could return, but that come what might, win or lose, return or die, he would see that during their absence their families should want for nothing; and in case of death, he would protect the survivors.’ He bade them name their own wages, and desired that none should go who were not willing to fully prosecute the affair. But they all professed their

readiness to go to the ends of the earth to carry out his wishes.

“Next, he despatched an agent to Canada and bought up some hundred thousand pounds of the depreciated English Bills with which that country was stocked.

“A supercargo was now selected with care still greater than had been exercised in the choice of the captain and crew; his name was Stark. This man died some few years since a very rich old bachelor. For thirty years he had been supercargo, and had thus amassed a fortune for himself little less in amount than those which he had been so instrumental in obtaining for others.

“Missionary and Bible societies were about this time just “coming into fashion” in the religious world.

“*Our* merchant had already *some* influence in the arrangement of these institutions. He obtained *more*. He offered the use of the schooner to convey a large quantity of Bibles, Tracts and Testaments to the Port of Pegu, in the Empire of Siam, ‘free of charge!’ The offer so generously made was instantly accepted, and in a few days the ‘*Flying Isaiah*’ was winging her way

over the 'deep blue sea,' freighted with as sacred a cargo as was ever crowded into a single vessel. Be it known, however, the energies of the societies were insufficient to procure a full cargo, and consequently our merchant completed it at his own expense; thus establishing his claim to the character of a *thoughtful*, godly man. In the mean time, a passport had been obtained from Com. Sir Edward Borlase Warren, the commander of the English Squadron then blockading the northern portion of the American coast, directing all His Majesty's ships to allow freely to pass upon the sacred mission, the Good Schooner '*Flying Isaiah*.' \* \* \* \* \*

"The little bark was now fairly 'under weigh' with the enterprise of the great merchant. The Captain fortunately made a good passage without encountering a single English vessel, and in three months was ready to make his *destined* port, and safely deliver his Supercargo—his half million of English Bills and his cargo of Bibles, to those to whom they were addressed. But this *destined port*, as the reader may have shrewdly suspected, was *not* the city of 'Pegu in the Empire of Siam.' Her Captain, Habakkuk Smith, *forgot* when he

neared the Indian coast to steer for Pegu or any other port in Siam, but on the contrary, entered the river Hoogly and sailed directly for Calcutta; running his little schooner close up to the English guard-ship, and under the great guns of Fort William, with the flaunting Yankee flag shaking its 'broad stripes and bright stars' from her mast head, on the perfume-laden breeze of the flowery East.

"The English Admiral very naturally supposed that Peace had been concluded between the two belligerents, not dreaming that any vessel of a hostile power would thus come openly under his nose '*flagrante bello*;' he therefore allowed her to come to just such station as she chose, and hastily sent a boat aboard her to learn when the War had ceased. Judge his surprise when he learned that it was still raging, and that the passport of Commodore Warren, which had been sent to him, had been violated by the vessels having entered a different port from the one to which she was allowed to proceed, and that, too, a hostile one. The Yankee, who got up some 'cock and bull' story about stress of weather and the loss of his Instruments, (which, by the way, he threw

overboard the same morning,) declared, that he had lost his reckoning, and finding himself in great danger, had put into the nearest safe port. It was easy for the English Admiral to detect the falsity of this, but on the Captain's demanding permission to see Mr. Palmer of the great house of Palmer & Co., an English firm of undoubted respectability and loyalty, he soon saw it was rather a private speculation than a government enterprize, and had that worthy gentleman sent for, readily acceding to the request, when he saw himself in possession of the little craft with her sacred cargo, and her officers and crew under his entire surveillance.

“The crew was sent to prison, and the Captain and Supercargo placed in the hands of the Commandant of Fort William, where they were allowed free access to Mr. Palmer, into whose hands the Bills were speedily passed. Both Captain and Supercargo were discharged on parole, and the crew conveyed to comfortable quarters, through the influence of the wealthy consignees; for it is needless to add that this was the *port* to which the expedition was *destined*. The Captain's duty was now performed; he had

taken his Supercargo to Calcutta in spite of War and hostile fleets. This done, his instructions ceased; he was to permit the vessel and her biblical freight, to go to whomsoever the Admiralty court in its wisdom, its justice and its piety, might decree, and get himself home again at his leisure, when he could and how he could. He was finally exchanged before the close of the War, without ever having left Calcutta, and reached home some ten or twelve months after he sailed. His reward (which many thousands of dollars would not cover,) was punctually paid.

“England, at that time the only great recipient of India goods, could take but a small portion of those vast piles, which had accumulated for some years from the operation of manufactories accustomed to supply the world. The balance due her commercially was, therefore, very great—and the more so from the length of time during which the fear of capture had deterred the indebted parties from the shipment of specie and gems with which such balances had ordinarily been extinguished. Bills upon England were consequently in great demand at a good premium. The Canada bills were readily sold at a profit of thirty-three per

cent. This was a fair start. Our Supercargo having first had his parole limits enlarged to include the whole city, now took a house and hired a store; these he quietly packed full of the best and most valuable goods, which the overflowing market afforded at prices far below their value. Through the active co-operation of his consignees, Palmer & Co., he soon invested the whole amount of his funds.

“Nothing was now left ‘*to do*’ but ‘*to do nothing,*’ and quietly await the coming Peace. The expected news at length arrived, and the vessels that brought it were a trio of first class Boston ships belonging to our merchant, by which the long stored goods were immediately shipped; and thus speedily thrown into the American market, being the first which reached ‘the States’ after the War, and thus able to command most exorbitant prices. The Supercargo, delivered from his parole by ‘the Peace,’ returned to Boston, having increased his growing fortune to more than fifty thousand dollars. All the crew reached home some two years or more from the commencement of their voyage, and found to their gratification that the merchant had faithfully



and generously fulfilled his promises; and well could he afford to perform *all* he had promised: for, by this operation, he cleared \$500,000 beyond all costs—near one hundred and fifty per cent on his immense investment.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“This story,” added my informant, “part of the incidents of which I saw transacted, was afterwards related to me by the Supercargo, then grown grey, at his ease over a bottle of booming champagne, on a fine summer day when he and I dined together some few years since, at the beautiful village of Cambridge.”

Puerto Cabello, Dec. 16, 1845.





Scamler, del.

W. H. L. sc.

WHITEBOX PRISONER.

## THE WHITEBOY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

CORNELIUS, or, as he was called for shortness, Corny, Ryan, was a native of the county Tipperary, in Ireland. His boyhood and youth, to eighteen years, were passed in alternate labor and amusements, or, as they are commonly called, diversions; and at the age we speak of he was tall, well made, muscular, and very handsome. He excelled in all manly sports popular through his country. There was no better dancer than Corny at wake, wedding, or pattern. Among his other accomplishments he was a capital hand at a song, and the devil's own droll chap in telling a story. We shall mention one of his boyish feats.

Corny was as hardy as a wild duck; and on the occasion to which I allude, he was one of a party of upwards of a hundred, that accompanied

a *berrin* to Mullinabrac, about fifteen miles from the townland he lived in. The funeral took place on one of those short dark days just before Christmas. Mullinabrac is the name of a burying-ground of very remote antiquity, and means in Irish a spotted hillock\*—the final resting-place of many who died even at the distance of thirty miles from its precincts; and it is not uncommon for a bier to be carried that distance on men's shoulders. It has some ancient tombstones, and possesses a few very ancient granite crosses; the remains of one of the round towers, so peculiar to Ireland, still stand near the ruins of its old church. About a pistol-shot distance from the grave-yard runs a very broad, deep, and exceedingly rapid river.

On the road with the funeral Corny helped to carry the bier, and made himself generally useful to the boys and agreeable to the girls; for though at such funerals in the country parts there are occasional outbursts of lamentation, of tenderness, and of poignant sorrow for the deceased, yet they offer but brief interruption to the frequent hearty laugh and joyous joke. On arriving at Mullina-

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\* From the hillock being dotted over with tombstones.

brac, the spade which they had brought with the coffin was found to be useless, the frost having rendered the ground of an iron hardness.

“What’s to be done?” says Bill Sullivan.

“Bedad, I think,” says Larry Malone, “we had better cover up the coffin with plenty of stones inside of the ruins of the owld church; and as no one can say we worn’t to the fore when we wor wanted to bring the ould woman to her long home, sure two or three of us can come back here and bury the coffin when the thaw comes in.”

“I ask *you*, Bill Sullivan,” said a little hardy looking old woman, who, perhaps, did not like the prospect of the same being done to herself at no distant period,—“I ask you, if it was your own mother was in it would you advise that to be done? Tell me that, Bill Sullivan: would you? eh?”

Here, Corny, who had been missing for a short time, darted past the crowd like an arrow, and with a loud whoop and hurroo plunged into the ice-cold river, and swam manfully, though somewhat carried down the stream, till he reached the other side, when, breaking his way through the

icicles that opposed their sharp points and edges to his breast, he clambered up the slippery bank, and was soon seen running swiftly across a few fields that intervened between the river and a snug farmhouse,—the east wind cutting at the time as sharp as a razor. About a quarter of an hour elapsed; when he was again beheld bounding back and entering the river with a pickaxe over his left shoulder, stemming the wintry torrent with as much apparent indifference as if his brawny arms had been sporting in a calm summer lake.

A loud shout greeted his return, and many a hand was stretched out to assist him to land. “Take that pickaxe first, your sowls! Now you can break the earth and bury the poor woman dacent.”

In the meantime, the women had made a thick cushion of their cloaks, and laid them on the ground, upon which Corny was seated, and in a twinkling he was thatched over with a dozen of these garments, among which he lay ensconced while the men dug the grave, with only an aperture large enough for him to breathe through and imbibe the *mountain-dew*, which was plentifully

supplied to him, until his teeth ceased to chatter and he began to be thoroughly warm.

Many other feats nearly as daring were performed by Corny Ryan, but hitherto he had never been accused of any overt infringement of the law, with the exception of having beaten an informer who had given notice to the gauger of a private still of a friend of his, or having joined in a rescue against a *posse* of bailiffs who had arrested another of his friends for tithes.

Corny's good qualities were not lost on the other sex, or *the* sex, as the French call it, and the kind-hearted and bright-eyed Biddy Maher was married to him when he was nineteen, with the consent of their relations.

Corny's character as an active, clear-headed fellow, was recommendation enough to obtain for him three acres of land, on which was a cabin. The ground was of a very middling sort, but the kindness of his neighbors soon helped him to furnish his cabin in an humble way and obtain a few farming implements for tillage. Though the rent was more than he had a prospect of paying by one-half, yet, by untiring industry and well-applied skill, at the end of four years he had



brought it into better condition ; unfortunately, however, though he had paid yearly rent with all punctuality for a great portion of the term, at the end he was in arrears with his landlord.

Corney had been happy hitherto with his wife and two fine children, but now that the hard landlord, or harder agent, who had never either of them lent a fostering hand to help the man in his exertions, threatened to put him out on the world, he felt, for the first time, the pang that his wife and children had a claim on him which it was not in his power to satisfy. This was the first drawback on Corny's gay spirits and hopeful buoyancy. He besought the agent to grant him longer time until things should take a turn for the better. No—he was inexorable. Having consulted Biddy, Corny, the next morning, walked twenty Irish miles to the residence of the *landlord*, and begged a little longer time : but the landlord said, carelessly, that he left all those things to his agent, and that he knew nothing at all about the matter ; and the poor fellow walked back his twenty miles the following day, more broken down by disappointment than if he had walked five hundred with a light and cheerful heart.

Depression of spirits, with a severe wetting to which he had been exposed while exhausted by fatigue, brought on typhus fever, in which he lay a month, sedulously attended to by his fond, devoted and excellent wife. Convalescence returned, but the stalwart strength and sinew of the mountain rustic had received a severe shake from which he was long in recovering. His wife and children escaped the contagion, for which he was humbly thankful to Heaven; but new sorrows began to accumulate.

Near the bit of ground held by Corny was a very extensive farm, belonging to a man named Casey, one field of which abutted on the three fields of Corny. This Casey was a rich farmer of his class, but perfectly heedless of the sufferings of others—their distress acted on him as a stimulus to try in what way he could turn their loss to his profit. He had had for a long time a sharp covetous eye on Corny's bit of ground, that he might add it to his own large farm. Knowing Corny's illness and difficulties, and having money at command, he applied to the agent, and by offering him the rent in hand he obtained the coveted acres; and when the next gale-day came round,

Corny was ejected from the tenancy, his few articles of furniture and his pig taken from his poor cabin, out on the roadside, and put up for sale by auction. There were numbers at the sale, but there were only *two* bidders, namely, Casey and the bailiff; the latter acted both as bailiff and auctioneer, and knocked down the furniture to *himself* and the pig to Casey. They were protected during the sale by a party of police, for a rescue was dreaded by the bailiff. This was not all. To ingratiate himself still more with the agent, Casey *lent his horse and cart to the bailiff to remove the little substance of the unfortunate man*, who, with his wife, saw it thus taken away from before their eyes under an escort. Sore as was this harsh insult, still there was no attempt at rescue, nor any abusive epithets used. The men were silent; yet there was a strong heaving of the chest, a compression of the lips, a dilatation of the nostrils, and a gleaming glance from many an eloquent and meaning eye, as they looked at one another. But the feelings of the women found vent in bitter, loud, and shrill execrations.

“Och! wirra strue!” exclaimed Winny Mulvany, “that the oppressor of the poor, that curse

o' God, hard-hearted Casey, may feel my woful bitter curse on him this day!—that his hopes may wither, and that he may have his dark day of sorrow soon and sudden, and no one to say, God help him!—to take a poor man's ground over his head after his hard labor had got it into heart!"

"Och musha! amen to that same!" cried Catty Mahon. "What could you expect from the miserly sowl? *Sure* when he made an upstairs in his house, he made them so narrow that his coffin can't be brought down when he dies. Biddy, acushla! rise out of your sad sorrow this day. God will protect the afflicted. Give me one of the childer, allana, and I'll carry it with me."

"Thank you, Oonagh, it's you that always has the warm heart! Look at it, Oonagh, it's sickly this three days; I believe it's my milk and the grief."

"Give it here, Biddy. Oh, holy Virgin! it's the smallpox it has! Oh, look at them yallow spicks! in three days more, they'll be as big as pays. Shew me the other child. Och, machree! it's it the two of them has! Oh, wirra, wirra! what curse is bad enough for you, Casey, to turn

out the poor babbies on a cowld blake world to get their death at the time that God sent them the sickness !”

Poor Biddy, who had been sitting until then rocking her head about, and indulging in silent tears, now that she had learned from the old woman the *real* illness of her children, uttered a wild and piercing scream, and fell exhausted on the ground, her mind bewildered at the fear of that destructive malady, which is looked on by the peasantry of Ireland as one of the plagues of Egypt. It was long before she was restored to consciousness. When she was able to sit up,—“Oh !” she sobbed, “give them both to me !” and she took the children in her arms, and hugged them eagerly and in silence, for some moments, to her heart. “Corny Ryran !” she at length exclaimed, “come here, and look at our darlin childer, now we are left without house or home, bed or bedding, or fire on our hearth. Oh, Corny ! I feel it in me that the craythurs ’ll die and go to the King of Glory to beg of Him to be a comfort to us. Oh, Corny ! what’ll we do at all ? what’ll we do ? I feel it in my bosom they’ll both die ! With my two darlins in my arms, and on my bare

knees on the cowl'd ground, I lay the bitter curse of a wretched mother at the door of Casey, the oppressor! May he and his suffer ten times more from others than me and mine did from him! I kiss the ground on it this woful day!"

To be brief, Biddy and the children obtained the shelter of a roof for a few days at Oonagh's, at the end of which time both children died. This was a severe shock to both her and Corny; the latter, for the first time felt the pang of having all the close, fond ties of father torn rudely asunder, and soon after Biddy went home to her father and mother, to be away from the scene of her grief. Meantime Corny took up his abode with Phil Downey, a bachelor, and it was a long time, as we shall find in the sequel, until he saw Biddy again.

Alas for poor human nature! let us ask, what is the quantum of guilt of him who takes justice into his own hands when he has been oppressed as poor Corny was, and no protecting law of his rulers to shield him? What punishment ought to be inflicted on a man for taking vengeance into his own hands, when his beloved wife and offspring are deprived of all earthly comfort by a

base, designing, artful villain like Casey, who, like the vulture hovering over the weary traveller sinking from fatigue in the trackless desert, gorges himself with the still warm and palpitating flesh of his victim?

No wonder, then, that Corny, during the long cold winter that he passed with Phil Downey, should have “nursed his wrath to keep it warm,” when he had constantly before his mind the unjust oppression he had suffered from this Casey. Phil Downey had been formerly injured also by the same party, and was known to be a worker at a private still; he was strongly suspected, also, of being a Whiteboy: but neither of these were reasons for being slighted by his neighbors. Phil was an obliging, useful fellow, and, as he meddled with no one, no one meddled with him. One night late, while his old mother was out at a wake, and Corny and he sitting together smoking and talking, a knock was heard, and, on the door being opened, a party of ten or twelve entered.

“God save you, Phil!” were the almost instant salutations of the new-comers. “Corny, I’m glad to see you.”

“God save you, boys!” was the quick reply.

“Wait, boys, a minute,” says Phil, “till I put a boord on a couple of stones to make a sate for you.”

This was done speedily; all enjoyed the blaze of the fire, and in as cheerful chat, as if they had assembled for merry-making, and not preconcertedly for lawless combination; after some talk, one of the men asked Phil,—

“Was there ere a resurrection in the house lately?”

“Faix, there’s one at the present minute,” says Phil; and, going to the back-door, he took out the sill of the threshold, and removing a few stones, took up a moderately sized keg of whisky, filled a gallon-pitcher with the mountain-dew, and replaced the keg and its covering.

They began to drink, and continued till near daylight. Their conversation turned chiefly on the injuries each had received from Casey one time or another. And, commiserating Corny, the latter was roused to madness by the liquor and the vivid expressions with which his wrongs were placed before his mental vision in the forcible, emphatic, and figurative Irish language; while, in this delirious excitement, he most hotly



and eagerly entered into their views, and at once declared himself as one of themselves—for they were a party of the Whiteboys. They separated towards morning, having arranged a nocturnal meeting for the next night but one, at which Corny was to be sworn in. The place of meeting was Ballinadough.

On the appointed night, Corny accompanied Phil Downey to the rendezvous of the Whiteboys: it was on the mountain-side, in a hut, having a stream running through it, in which the worm of the still was placed.

The evil effects of copiously drinking the *new*, fiery liquor were not only injurious to the bodily health of the men employed in its distillation, but a habitual state of drunkenness so debased each man's morals, that these private stills became a consuming curse, through the length and breadth of the land.

The Whiteboys, in consequence of the absence of one of their leaders, put off the chief enterprise on which they were engaged, as it was known that Casey intended to draw home all his corn in the course of the ensuing week; besides, the nights would be darker in a fortnight. Corny

returned with Phil Downey, but the unhappy young man, now led on by bad associates to thirst for revenge, and deprived of those softening impulses that his once happy hearth had afforded him, took to drinking; his hours were changed; he stayed out days and nights, and when he returned he was always drunk; his former regular, sober life, sustained in its integrity by his domestic affections, was forgotten, and he was now lost to total self-abandonment. Stupified with whisky night and day, with loss of appetite and decaying bodily strength,—his once fine, clear, joyous, and rollicking imagination was obscured by the maudlin fumes of inebriety; his once brawny arms hung by his sides like hanks of wet yarn; the broad square shoulders were become bony, and stooped; his leg, that had been as firm as the stump of a tree, was now flabby; the ditch, that formerly he bounded over like a deer, he was now obliged to creep over on hands and knees, from debility,—the gay, elastic, springing step was gone; and no one would suppose that shambling, lounging gait, to be that of the active Corny of three years ago. Had he no hope?—*the hope of revenge!*—What!

“Thou, oh nymph, with eyes so fair,  
Who bade the lovely scenes at distance, hail,”

shalt thou be united to the fell monster revenge?  
No, it a solecism to say, *Hope of Revenge*. Why should the name of that sweetest of our passions be associated with so base a partner, or be used as a term to express the fiendish thirst?

At length the meeting of the Whiteboys took place, for the purpose of completing their design of burning the house and haggart of Casey. Some were drunk; a few of the ringleaders, most intent on mischief, were perfectly sober.

“Come, boys, let us lose no time,” said Eugene Sullivan, “the moon will rise at three o’clock, and it’s now past one by Claffy’s watch.—Where’s the gun?”

“I have it here,” says Pat Muldoon, the school-master, who used to write the Whiteboy notices.

“Pat, mind—see here,—if I can’t depend on you, wo betide you!”

“Blazes! do you think I’ve no score agin Casey myself? Never fear, I’ll shoot him if he attempts to escape. By the contents of this carabine, but I’ll soon ——”

“Whisht!” said several voices, “Eugene’s goin to say something.”

“Boys!” said Eugene, who had been in consultation with some of the other leaders, “there’s nigh hand fifty of us. Let ten of the activest dart off like lightnen, and get round at the back of the house. Let the rest divide in two, and one go down by Ballybeg, and the others go straight up to the haggart along with me, an’ I’ll take Corny wid me myself,—*corp anam an dioul*—that last act of his to Corny has filled Casey’s cup, and he shall drain his own dregs.”

Corny was seated near them, his head resting on the table, when Mike Hoolagan whispered gruffly, “Are you asleep?”

“No-o-o-o,” drawled out Corny, who was half asleep, half drunk.

“Well, a’ you ready to come wud us?” said Mike.

“Ay!” roared he out, with a wild, deep scream of savage delight; and seizing a skene, or long knife, he swore a horrible oath, that any man, Whiteboy or no Whiteboy, that stood between him and his putting the first lighted sod of turf

into Casey's haggart, should have that blade up to the heft in his body.

The parties were soon at their different posts. Some proceeded to the haggart, others surrounded the house. Corny put the first brand to a large frame-stack of wheat that was nearest to the house, while he muttered, "When he got me turned out, he reaped the corn that I sowed, the only good crop the ground produced since I brought it into heart by my hard industry." Others loosened the closely packed sheaves, that the flame might catch the night-wind. The house was set fire to by several of the party, and in ten minutes the dwelling-house, stables, barns, pigstyes, hay-ricks, and corn-haggart, were all in a sheet of flame; in ten minutes more, the conflagration had burst into such a volume of fire, that the sky and country around, for miles, was illuminated. Before an hour had elapsed, the whole premises and their appurtenances were consumed to ashes, and the once opulent farm-hold was made a scene of desolation and ruin. The most horrible part of the tale remains. The inmates, Casey, two farm-servants, and an old woman, thought to escape. The servants and old woman

were seized by men whose faces were blackened, and who bound and blindfolded them. They were then given in charge to others. Not one word was uttered above their breath. Casey, meantime, was seen rushing out with a bag of gold in his hand: abject,—frightful consternation depicted in his whole manner. At his very door-case, the white light of the intense blaze rendering every feature visible, he was met by one of the most savage of the Whiteboys, who confronted him with a two-pronged pitchfork, and with one ferocious thrust drove him backwards headlong into the flames, and, with a demoniacal and exulting shout, screamed into the ears of the unfortunate wretch, whose hair was burnt off his head before he fell, “You swore my brother’s innocent life away, and I swore you should begin your hell, on earth. There!” said he, as he gave him the thrust; “and may the Devil make a gridiron of your ribs to roast you on!” His bones (his only remains) were found next day among the still glowing embers, calcined to a cinder, in the hall, or *entry*, as it is usually called in farm-houses.

In order to shew that the spirit, actuating the crowds who came next day to see the smouldering

ruin was a wild sense of savage justice, rather than a mercenary seeking after gain, not one of even the most wretchedly poor was seen to look for any of the gold which it was known lay buried in the ashes. One little boy brought his mother some of the blackened guineas which he had picked up, saying,—

“Mammy, look here at the dirty shillings I found.”

“Throw them back in the ashes this minnit, you imp, and go wash your hands afther touching his filthy dirt.”

“Sure, mammy, mightn’t I keep them for chany-taws?”

The mother struck the child, seized the money from his little hand, and flung it back into the ashes.

Magistrates were soon on the spot, investigations entered into, a meeting of the county called, and large rewards offered for the capture and conviction of those concerned in the murder and arson; but without avail, for although the police were for some time actively engaged in the search, and several persons were arrested on suspicion, it was found impossible to obtain sufficient

evidence to warrant a conviction, with the exception of the man that thrust Casey into the flames, who was sworn to by the old woman who had been spared, as above stated, and who identified him by his voice, she having heard the exclamation he used when thrusting Casey into the flames. He was convicted, condemned, and speedily executed. The only clue that could be obtained from his dying confession was, that he considered the burning justifiable, on the ground of Casey's conduct to Corny Ryan. This hint, in connexion with Corny's absence, left him open to the circumstantial charge of having been the leader of the outrage; and, while others more guilty were forgotten, the memory of this man was still fresh in the minds of the community.

Corny and Phil Downey made their way to Cork, and took ship for America, where Corny remained for seven years, and made some money by honest industry. But the Nostalgia was strong upon him, and he returned to Ireland for the purpose of taking his wife back with him to America. On his arrival he made his way to Biddy in quick time. Their meeting was devoid of any exuberant gush of joy, and the warm kiss



and close embrace with which they met one another were given and received in silence, and accompanied by showers of tears from the man as well as the woman. Corny's figure and features were now restored to their former handsome contour, but there was a suspicious, searching uneasiness in his eyes which was quite new to them. Corny remained for about a year,—occasionally with his wife—and lurking about among his friends. Before the expiration of the year, Biddy brought him a son, and he hoped that the old affair against him had blown over. One day he was so far emboldened, that he ventured into Clonmel, where he was recognized, and an attempt made to capture him, but he resisted with such vigor, that, fighting his way through the town, he effected his escape to a wild mountain called Sliev na Diaoul, where, hungry and weary, he remained all night, and the next day until sunset, without food or rest. As he stole out the second evening after dark, he met a man. He avoided him, pulled his hat over his eyes, and slunk away at one side of the Boreen. The stranger accosted him with,—

“Fine night.”

“So I’m towld,” was the reply. “Do you know me?”

“No, honest man,” said the stranger, “I never saw you before, and when I do see people I don’t remember them.”

“Where are you goin’?” asked Corny.

“I’m lookin’ for a friend of mine that’s lost.”

“Was the moon up when you lost him?”

“She was, and I caught hold of her left horn, but *we had light enough without her*. I suppose you know what light I mean?”

“Which hand did you lay on her horn?”

“The one I now offer you.”

“Before I shake your hand, you must tell me was it ever hot?”

“Ay, was it.”

“When?”

“When I dipped it in the snow long ago.”

They then exchanged the Whiteboy grip; and, approaching each other,—“Begor,” said Hoolagan, “I thought I knew you at the first squint; but seven or eight years makes a great differ—and I was the only one kep in the dark about your return; besides, it’s seldom I’m down these parts av late.”

“Mike, will you tell Biddy where I am?” says Corny.

“Make your mind aisy,” says Mike; “it was herself sent me, thinking it was here I’d find you; for she got the hard word from one or two, and she’s down at Bill Brien’s forge with my wife, at Knockmore; and I b’lieve the devil a bit of steel in Bill’s forge is truer than himself.”

“I b’lieve that,” said Corny; “but will you tell Biddy I’m famished? bit, bite, nor sup, never entered my lips since I saw her last.”

“She made up for that same, too; and I think you ought to lose no time in sittin down and atin a bit,” says Mike, as he handed to Corny a packet of bread and meat, and a bottle of whisky.

“I ought to know this mountain well,” says Corny; “an’, if I aint mistaken, there is a strame hereaway up to the westward. So, Mike, we’ll quit the Boreen, and up wid us at wanst up the mountain.”

The faithful Mike accompanied Corny up the side of the mountain to a large overhanging rock of granite, on which the moon shone with such effulgent brightness, that they obtained easy access beneath it. Here they remained while

Corny appeased the hunger caused by twenty-four hours' abstinence, his appetite whetted by the open mountain air.

"We can ate an talk at one an the same time," said Mike; "and, b'lieve you me, Corny, a better place you cudn't find to stay the night in; for, mind, until the moon turns Cragmore, you can see any one coming in purshoot av ye, and to-ast morning, av they do put it off till thin, you're as safe as a thrush in a bush,—for then you'll be at the blind side av 'em, an they cant see you in the dark. So here goes, Corny, I'll be pulling some fern for your bed, an better days is in store for you."

"The best I can wish you, Mike," said Corny, "is that you may never be druv to the same for me to do the likes for you."

Mike was soon back with a huge bundle of fern.

Having conversed some time as to what *the boys* intended, when informed of his escape, they parted: Corny imposing on Mike to tell Biddy to come to him the next night at Cragnaveena,\* and give a signal. When Mike was gone, Corny

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\* The Hill of the Evening Star.

retired to his lair, like a hunted wild-beast, and lay down on the fern which Mike had plucked. He soon fell into a quiet, peaceful sleep; for he hoped to see his Biddy the next night; nor was he disturbed till the cold air of the morning, the bark of the fox, and the squeal of the marten, awoke him to consciousness of his condition. He started up, and retired still higher, to the wildest part of the mountain, there awaited the rising sun, and thought on his future course.

In the evening, poor Biddy, with the child at her breast, came to meet Corny at Crag-naveena. Her fondness for her husband had taught her to brave many a danger and many a lure laid for her; for the spies on her movements had been most active, knowing with the crafty intelligence of their calling, that the devoted woman would go through all dangers to meet the husband of her youth. Distress of mind, with the fatigue she had undergone in travelling so far, and so soon after her confinement, had reduced her strength, and greatly affected her personal appearance; but the intellect of her brow, the brilliant intelligence of her eye, remained untarnished, giving to her countenance, humble peasant

as she was, that sweet resignation that phrenologists love to contemplate in the Madonnas of Carlo Dolce.

"Oh! Corny, love of my soul!" said she, as he pressed her in his arms, "you'll crush the child between us. Wait, a cushla. Tell me what took you to Clonmell?"

"I went there, Biddy, ma vournen," said he, "to buy something nourishing for you; an' it can't be helped now; but did Mike Hoolagan say any thing of what the boys are doing?"

"He says," replied Biddy, "that you'll have to go to the county Kilkenny, or some other place far away from here. An' I think, Corny, darlin, it would be the best way, too, until we can manage to escape out of it entirely, an' get off to America. Mike will be here toward daylight, when I go back to tell him where you are to meet him."

"Well, Biddy, you can stay at Bill Brien's till you hear from me. An' I trust God 'll spare us this child: we must hope for the best. Tell Mike to meet me at the Boreen, a little before daylight, at the spot where he met me last."

After an interview of nearly two hours, Corny accompanied his wife part of the way back, con-

trary to her wishes, as she feared that spies might be lying in wait for him; and, with a tender embrace, they parted.

Before daylight, Mike and Corny met at the Boreen.

“We have one hour yet,” said Mike, “before the peep of day; and we must put ten miles between us and Sliev na Diaoul before then; so come along, Corny, we can talk as we go. Take a dhrop of this,” said he, handing him a bottle of whisky, “it ’ll put us in win’; for we’ll want it.” They set out at once in that mode of progression on foot known to the peasantry of Ireland as a sling-trot, a gait at which it is not by any means uncommon for a man to go ten miles an hour. They proceeded at a rapid pace, each following his own bent of travelling, according as circumstances might dictate,—now running, now walking,—at other times loitering a moment to take a drop from the whisky-bottle, but still moving forwards; and before day dawned they were more than ten miles from Sliev na Diaoul. They stopped at a small-farm house at day-break, not much tired. Mike knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, and it was speedily opened.

“Who’s this you’ve wid you, Mike?” said the owner of the house.

“Who would it be but a friend?” answered Mike; “and more by token a friend to you and all true men; and I suppose,” continued Mike, “you are up for the day, and don’t intend to go to bed any more, at least till night.”

“No more I don’t” said the stranger; “but who have you wid ye?”

“Oh, that you’ll find out time enough. You must make your wife get up smart, and not be lazy about it; for we want sleep, and somebody must be on the watch all day.”

“Well,” said Murty Gollogher—for that was the name of their host—“that same must be done, if I find all right. I suspect who you have wid you; but I must find him out myself.”

“Nothen’s aisier done,” said Mike, “if you know how to go about it. Now we’ll go to bed, and so you’ll call us at dusk, if we don’t waken by ourselves.”

They then retired to rest in perfect security, confiding in Gollogher to keep watch throughout the day, which he did most zealously. At night-fall, Mike and Corny rose from their long day-



sleep much refreshed; a hospitable meal was spread for them, and at midnight they sallied forth, accompanied by Murty Gollogher, to the next cross-roads, where Mike parted from them, having received Corny's most express directions to be careful of Biddy and his child; and he added, with a deep determined tone, "Mike Hoolagan, my life has been in your hands, and you have been true to me; but I swear, most solemnly, unless I find that you are true to them that I love better than my life's blood, living or dying, I'll never forgive it to you."

"Och! Corny, my hearty, make your mind easy about that," and he whispered something in Corny's ear.

"That's enough!" said Corny. "God bless you, Mike! I'll say no more to you."

"No more you needn't," said Mike. "Myself and my wife will take every care of Biddy and the child, and be as tender about it as our own; so be going, Corny, and make the road shorter as fast as you can by not delaying. God speed you! we'll have news of you soon, and don't be afraid of either Biddy or the child."

Corny shook his hand, and they bade each other good-by. Accompanied by Murty Gollogher, he then proceeded on his way, travelling thirty miles during the night, until at daybreak they had reached the bounds of the county Kilkenny. Here Gollogher obtained for himself and his companion shelter, and food and rest, by the same mode of conventional signs as had been used the preceding day by Mike; and when night approached Gollogher returned, and Corny proceeded alone to the interior of the county, being provided with the address of a person affected to the Whiteboys. He travelled onward to nearly the centre of the county Kilkenny, where he obtained a resting-place and hospitable attention from a brother Whiteboy, until his friend had procured employment for him as a laborer; and shortly afterwards, on account of his skill in husbandry and other matters connected with farm-business, his new employer took him into his house as a general farm-servant; and in that situation he performed all the duties allotted to him with so much skill, and his conduct and intelligence were so unexceptionable, that he became a universal favorite with the household, and was

highly esteemed by his master. In this situation he continued for a twelve-month, and towards the latter part of that period had received one or two visits from his wife. However, the last visit she paid him was observed by a person sent to watch her by the authorities of the county she had left; and the day she parted from Corny this spy followed him at a distance until he dodged him to his abode. He then, on the instant, gave information to the nearest magistrate, and produced the credentials by which he was empowered to obtain aid and assistance from any of the king's justices of the peace. The same night a large party of infantry and local police surrounded the house and premises of Corny's master; and, posting guards here and there, the magistrate and his party searched the house, barns, and haggart, and were about to leave the place without making their caption, after a long and ineffectual search, when, as two of the soldiers were passing through the haggart on their way back, one of them remarked a rustling of the straw, saying to his comrade,—

“Don't mind, it's only a grunter!” but the former, an older soldier, exclaimed,—

“I say, whereabouts did you observe that ere straw a-moving?”

“Why over against the wall there!”

“Well, I’m sure I should be summat of a fool if I did not thrust my bayonet into that ere same bundle of straw, and try if I can’t poke something out!”

Suiting the action to the word, he thrust his bayonet into the straw, and was very near transfixing Corny; the latter, knowing or suspecting that the thrust would be repeated, instantly sprang up, and, with the agility of a deer, leaped at and closed with his antagonist, and before his comrade could advance to his assistance had wrenched the musket from the hands of the soldier, and felled him to the earth with the but-end of it. He then ran for it, and, taking across the haggart, had reached the mud wall, over which he was about to clamber, when he was met by a policeman, who presented his carbine at his head and summoned him to surrender, which he instantly did with the meekness of a child. He was then handcuffed, and, much to the regret of his master and his family, marched off to the guardhouse for the night, and the next morning the escort com-

menced their journey to the gaol of the county where the burning had been perpetrated.

Let us pass over the afflicting scene that presented itself to his poor wife when, at the end of the second day, they overtook her on the road. The guard very humanely allowed the wretched couple to walk together a little in advance, and permitted them to rest as often as poor Biddy's weak state required. At Tubbermore, the site of one of the *anciently* sacred wells, formerly so celebrated through Ireland, the party had stopped. This well supplied a stream which, after pursuing its way in bubbling runnels for a short distance, formed a little cascade, and flowed on through many a winding vale, pellucid and bright. While Corny was seated on a block of mountain granite that had been torn from its former elevation, and hurled by volcanic agency to the lower ground, some of his guards had gone scouting about the fastnesses of the acclivity, while the non-commissioned officer of the party of police held a pistol cocked ready to shoot his prisoner through the head, should any attempt at rescue be made.

The *denouement* demands brief space for its developement. The assizes sat a few days after Corny had been committed to the county gaol, and he was put on his trial for murder and arson. When arraigned, he, in a loud voice and determined tone and manner, exclaimed,—

“*I am not* guilty of murder! Prove me guilty, if you can, of burning any man’s house!”

The trial went on. The evidence against the panel was entirely circumstantial; and, when called on to “prove character,” his last master passed the highest eulogy on him for honesty, integrity, diligent industry, and undeviating assiduity to the matters intrusted to him.

This did not avail. He was found guilty of “aiding and abetting” at the burning, and not guilty of murder; and he was sentenced to be transported for life.

The humane judge made known the favorable circumstances of the poor fellow’s case, with a recommendation to mercy; the consequence of which was that the term of his sentence was commuted to seven years.

He had not been long in the penal colony, to which he was doomed, before his good conduct

obtained for him a ticket of leave, and, with the exception of expatriation from the land of his birth and the wife and child of his love, exile had no other grievance for him.

About five years of his term had expired, when, one evening, Biddy received a letter from her husband. In breathless haste, with tears of joy gushing from her eyes, she went round to some of her neighbors, and she and they assembled at the cottage of the village schoolmaster, to request him to impart to them its contents. Corny informed them that his captivity had been comparatively light, and that he had been engaged as a servant to a wealthy person, who had proved a kind master and a bountiful patron ; that, nevertheless, the yearnings of his heart for his wife and child embittered an existence otherwise bearable enough ; and concluded by earnestly entreating her to bear the remaining period of his exile with cheerfulness, for that, at the expiration of his sentence, he hoped to be far better off than he could have expected.















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